Presented to
The Lincoln National Life Foundation, Inc
by Robert H. Johnson
Date Dec. 1965
Article about Mrs. Lincoln, page 8.

The Port Emma Times.

VOL. 1.—NO. 49. PORT EMMA, DICKEY COUNTY, DAKOTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER, 6, 1884. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SHORT LINE. The use of the term "Short Line" in connection with the corporate name of a great road, conveys an idea of just what is required by the traveling public—a Short Line Quick Time and the best of accommodations—all of which are furnished by the greatest Railway in America

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL.

It owns and operates over 4,500 miles of road in Northern Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota; and as its main lines, branches and connections reach all the business centres of the Northwest and Far West, it naturally answers the description of Short Line, and Best Route between
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Portage, La Crosse and Winona.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Ortonville, Aberdeen and Ellendale.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Eau Claire and Stillwater
Chicago, Milwaukee, Wausau and Merrill.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Beaver Dam, Fond du Lac and Oshkosh.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Waukesha and Oconomowoc.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Madison and Prairie du Chien.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Owatonna, Mankato and Faribault.
Chicago, Beloit, Janesville and Mineral Point.
Chicago, Elgin, Rockford and Dubuque.
Chicago, Clinton, Rock Island, Cedar Rapids and Tama.
Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs and Omaha.
Chicago, Canton, Sioux City, Sioux Falls and Yankton.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Albert Lea and Southern Minnesota Points.
Chicago, Milwaukee, Mason City, Mitchell and Chamberlain.
Rock Island, Dubuque, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Davenport, Calmar, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Milwaukee, Racine, Beloit, Freeport and Rock Island.
Mitchell, Wolsey, Ashton and Aberdeen. (Jim River Valley Line.)

PULLMAN SLEEPERS and the FINEST DINING CARS IN THE WORLD are run on the main lines of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY, and every attention is paid to passengers by courteous employes of the Company

S. S. MERRILL, Gen'l Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
J. T. CLARK, Gen. Supt. GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agt.

PORT EMMA, ELLENDALE AND —MILNOR—

STAGE LINE!

PORT EMMA AND ELLENDALE.

Will leave Port Emma, Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 8 a. m. arrive at Ellendale at 12 m. Returning, leave Ellendale same days at 2 p. m., arrive at Port Emma at 7 p. m., calling at Weston and Eaton.

PORT EMMA AND MILNOR.

Will leave Port Emma Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 a. m., arrive at Milnor at 7 p. m. Returning, leave Milnor Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 a. m., arrive at Port Emma at 7 p. m., calling at Ludden, Verner, Ripley, Millsboro and Dunbar.

GOOD ACCOMMODATION for passengers, parcels and freight.

RATES PER MILE.

Passengers,	7c.
Parcels under 10lbs,	4c.
Over 10 and under 25lbs	1c.
Freight per cwt.,	2c

For farther information apply to T. W. BUSH, Port Emma.

CÆSAR & ALLEN,

LAW, REAL ESTATE,

Insurance, Money to Loan on Final Proofs. All kinds of Land Office Business Promptly Attended to.

LUDDEN. : : Dakota.

T. M. EVANS,
Clerk of District Court
Takes testimony in all Final Proof Cases, Homestead and Tree Claim Affidavits.
OFFICE IN SECURITY BANK
ELLENDALE, : D. T.

WHEN IN ELLENDALE
STOP AT THE POPULAR HOTEL,

WHITE HOUSE.

GOOD LIVERY AND FEED STABLE IN CONNECTION WITH THE HOUSE.

Special attention and rates given to the farmers.

ROOD & LIEBY, Proprietors

W. H. ABBOTT. H. C. CLARK

ABBOTT & CLARK,

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

PORT EMMA, D. T

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Lumber. Lumber.
And All Kinds of
BUILDING MATERIAL!
HOUSE AND ROOF PAINTS. Call or write for PRICE LISTS.
J. H. SARLES.

N. D. WITHAM,
Town 129, Range 60, Southeast Quarter of
Grower and dealer in all kinds of

Nursery Trees!

Vines and Shrubbery. Yellow Transparant Apple, the latest Russian Variety; also, Roses, Grape Vines, etc

W. H. ELLIS,

Land Ofice Att'y.

MONEY ALWAYS ON HAND.

FILINGS AND FINAL PROOFS A SPECIALITY.

Contests Conducted.

PORT EMMA, D. T

—Removal—see display advt.
—Wheat sacks $17.
—Best machine oil.
—Best pickling vinegar.
—Car Aberdeen flour.
—Full line boots and shoes.
A. ROSEITER & Co.

—Cotton Batton 15c. per lb at Harvey's.

—Cotton Flannel 15c. per yard at Harvey's. Luddden, D. T.

—New goods at Harvey's. I will not be undersold.
W. W. HARVEY.

NOTICE.—Cows and Young Stock For Sale, 3½ miles west of Port Emma.
NORMAN THATCHER.

—For all kinds of goods, very cheap, go to the Farmers' Store, east of elevator, Ellendale.
MARTIN, STRANE & WALKER.

—Go to Walker Bro's and get a Boss Cook Stove for sixty bushels of oats.

—We will sell you Groceries, Hardware, Stoves, Tinware and Men's Furnishing Goods as cheap as you can them in the county.
WALKER BROS

PORT EMMA TIMES

WM. H. ELLIS, EDITOR.

EDWIN E. GILEADY, PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1884.

ELLENDALE MARKET.

Wheat, No. 1 hard,	54 cts.
Wheat, No. 2 "	51 "
Coal, hard, per ton,	$15.00.
Coal, soft, "	$10.00.
Flax, per bush.,	$1.00.
Butter, per lb,	30 cts.
Eggs, per doz.,	21 "
Potatoes, per bush,.	25 "

PORT EMMA AND VICINITY.

—Evans had a walk-away.

—Port Emma precinct was faithful.

—Ellendale was counted the other way.

—Read the Ticeville items on last page.

—The bridge will be built at Port Emma.

—H. H. Woodall has come out for Cleveland.

—Dickey swept the country with a large majority.

—J. P. Walker came in from Ellendale Tuesday.

—Mr. didn't get there. Election passed off quietly.

—John R. Wilson received eleven votes in this precinct.

—E. E. Grout [illegible] ing east this winter.

—Miss Cora and Chas. Devendorf were in the city Tuesday.

—H. C. Lane, of Coraton, smiled on THE TIMES staff to-day.

—Straights were as scarce as ham sandwiches at a June picnic.

—Rev. J. B. Fawcett and wife are registered at the Ottawa House.

—D. N. Bailey, of Coraton, has been visiting friends at the Port this week.

—We acknowledge a pleasant call from Bro. Brann of the Jim River Journal.

—Henry C. Clark passed through the Port to-day en rout for the metropolis.

—Read the big 'ad' of the enterprising firm of Vent & Loib, of Ellendale.

—Misses Nellie Walker and Jennie Graham were visiting in the suburbs this week.

—Fred Walker has Blaine and Logan beverage on draft. Pure sweet cider.

THE TIMES acknowledges the favor of Mr. Hutsinpiller in bringing the latest returns from Ellendale.

Dr. Randall and post master Lovell of Ludden warmed their fingers in our sanctum Wednesday.

—The Misses Katie and Mary McGuiness passed through the Port today, bound for Ellendale.

—Chas. Stickel accompanied by his friend Mr. Hadly of Milwaukee Wis., were in the city Tuesday,

—Percy S. Stevenson, an old land mark of 130-59, started this week for a short visit to his former home in Lake Port, Mich

—B. B. Larson & Co. are out with posters. Wanted, ten thousand bushels of oats, for which they will pay the highest market price.

—The Hudson Herald failed to materialize last week. What's the matter, Bro. Busteed? Not defunct so soon after your victory.

—L. H. Willson, of the Commercial seems to take it rather good naturedly, while Larson was first choice McGlynn second, Strane never.

—The Port Emma precinct, although farthest away from the county seat was the first to show up with the returns on the night of the election.

—The farmers in this vicinity are all improving the good weather. Many have not as yet completed their fall plowing, and for this reason a large number did not come to the poles to vote Tuesday.

—We call the attention of our many readers this week to the 'ad' on first page of J. H. Sarles, the leading lumberman of Dickey Co. When in quest of building material don't fail to give him a call.

—Edward F. Kay, postmaster at Ticeville, one of the first settlers in this vicinity, has taken his departure for his former home in Detroit Mich. and his many friends will anxiously watch for his return in the spring.

—Geo. C. Forster and Chas. Devendorf came in from the rural districts this morning. Mr. Forster has just returned from LaMoure at which place he received 48 cents for No. 1 hard wheat, while the same grade will bring 54 cents at Ellendale.

—And now the mingling of the candidates with the natives has ceased for a season, the farmers may now go on with their work without fear, and need not tremble for the candidates are very busy at home, while some languish on a bed of despair and remorse.

—Advices from the tenth legislative district, of which Dickey county is a part, shows Hon. Thomas M. [illegible] to be elected by a large major[illegible] chances are very favorable that Hon. S. M. Wilkins will also be elected from this county, giving us two representatives in our next legislature.

—Walker Bros. did a rushing business election day. The store is filled from cellar to garret with a complete stock of general goods These gentlemen have just received a car load of fine winter apples from their farm in Ill. People who labor under the impression that they must go to Ellendale for the necessities of life should first inspect the general store of these gentlemen.

—We have on our desk manuscript from some person intended for publication in THE TIMES. Parties should understand that we publish no matter of any kind unless signed by the parties own name; not necessarily for publication, but to show simply the good faith and honest intention of the writer. If the party will call in person or write to the editor of this paper your poem will be given to the world.

—Later Dispatches greatly change the complexion in some of the doubtful states; the last reports give Blaine and Logan a small majority in New York, with Indiana and Wisconsin Democratic, but at the present writing it is impossible to give an intelligent opinion as to the probable result; still, with Indiana, Wisconsin and New Jersy against them it looks anything but hopeful for the Republicans, still it all hangs on New York, and is generally acknowledged that whichever way the empire state goes so goes the great national battle, and the chances are Mr. Blaine will get there some way or other.

—The election in this precinct passed of very quietly, and owing to the terrible busy time with the farmers only 162 votes were polled. The polls were opened at 9 o'clock with T. W. Bush, Mr. Harncke and Wm. H. Ellis as judges, and D. N. Bailey and Chas. Brown as Clerks. The straight republican ticket had a majority ranging from 15 up to 80. The bridge question was carried for a bridge at this point by 80 majority. The Eaton and Hudson people, as was expected, combined against our bridge at this point, but as they are in the minority, their votes will not materially alter the result in any way.

WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND WE ARE VERY MUCHLY THEIRS.

STRANE AND MELINDY STRUGGLE TO THE FRONT WITH SMALL MAJORITIES WHILE DICKIE AND EVANS SWEEP THE COUNTY CLEAN.

This the second general election of Dickey county is probably the hottest the county will ever experience. It was generally conceded that the republican ticket would be elected throughout, but alas! how directly does the story of the "cup and the lip" impress itself upon some of the residents of the county to-day. But yesterday the candidates would grasp you by the hand with a vice-like grip and to-day the mixture from the democratic ranks has knocked all of the starch and grip propensities to the four winds of the earth. But such things must be expected, and to all defeated candidates on the republican ticket, we point out that one little gentleman, that little star, Hope, which will gradually burst out in all its grandeur for you; so cheer up, there is, there must be a grand future in store for every honest man and if your time does not come to-day remember the political wagon will return empty two years hence, and mayhap you can catch on then. The ticket elected seems to give pretty good satisfaction, while the voters in this precinct were sorely dissappointed in the defeat of Mr. Crandall for Probate Judge. To the friends of Mr. Crandall we will say that he made a splendid run all over the county, except in Keystone, the home of the aged Mr. Harris "Henry" Gleason, and the stopping place of the "Duke of Keystone." The fight for sheriff was bitter to the end. The Larsen element was very strong all over the county, while Mr. McGlynn made a noble fight, but in the final round-up Jackson Strane of Ellendale, captured the prize. The result for register was an easy victory for Mr. Jerabek. Mr. Evans and Mr. Dickie seemed to be the most popular men on the republican ticket. Below we give the result of all the candidates except constables.

For Member of Congress:	
O. S. GIFFORD, of Lincon Co.,	648.
For Members of the Council:	
D. W. TWOMEY, of Cass Co.	569.
CHAS. D AUSTIN, of Richland,	351.
For the house of Representatives:	
W. B. LOCKLIN, of Cass,	290.
E. S. STEBBINS, of Richland	560
S. M. WILKINS, of Dickey,	548.
T. M. PUGH.	550.
For Register of Deeds:	
FRANK JEREBEK,	535.
GEO. H. KEYES,	555.
For Sheriff:	
JACKSON STRANE,	321.
T. N. LARSON,	311.
JAMES McGLYNN.	265
For Assessor:	
GEO. MELLINDY,	498,
GUERDON MERCHANT,	456.
Probate Judge:	
HARRIS GLEASON,	492
T. T. CRANDALL,	460.
For Treasurer:	
W. A. CALDWELL,	324.
THEO. NORTHRUP,	645.
District Attorney:	
HENRY DICKIE,	701.
E. P. PERRY,	198.
For Coroner	
E. THOMAS,	464.
W. E. DUNCAN.	419.
For Supt. Public Schools:	
G. B. LINDERSMITH,	624.
J. H. BOYLE,	365.
For Clerk of District Court:	
T. M. EVANS,	497.
W. MORAN,	278.

The county ticket elected, according to the returns, as follows:

Register of Deeds, FRANK JERABEK.
Sheriff, JACKSON STRANE.
Assessor, G. S. MELLENDY.
Probate Judge, H. GLEASON.
County Treasurer, THEO. NORTHRUP.
For County Surveyor, E. J. HERMANS,
Coroner, E. THOMAS,
Supt. Schools, GUY B. LINDERSMITH,
Dist. Attorney, HENRY DICKEY,
Clerk of Court T. M. EVANS.
Justice of the Peace, BUSTEED and BROWN.

It was impossible to get anything deffinet as to the result for the third justice of the peace or the four constables. An examination of this list will show the Republicans elected sheriff, county attorney, assessor, clerk of court, two justices of the peace and probably four constables, but the parties elected are all good competent men and will, no doubt, give universal satisfaction to the county at large.

According to the latest returns from the different precincts in the county the bridge question results as follows: The Eaton and Hudson bridge was defeated, while the people of the county, by a large majority, vote for the bridge at Port Emma; this will be received with the hearty approval of all residents on the east side of the James river. The bridge will probably be built this winter, and it is to be hoped that the commissioners will not any longer deprive the taxpayers on the east side of the river from having a safe means of transportation, the question is now solely in their hands.

DOWNED AT LAST.—At the hour of writing the returns show large democratic gains all over the country. The first dispatches on the night of the election were favorable to the republicans but gradually the truth comes out. Grover Cleveland has carried every southern state except Virginia, while New York, Indiana, Connecticut [illegible] sin are added to the democratic columns, which gives Mr. Cleveland the election of President of the United States for the next four years. Mr. Blaine went into the campaign against fearful odds and he has proven himself a worthy leader; but with the metropolitan press bitterly opposing him and the wonderful uprising of the independant republicans is an evidence of the mistake of the leaders of the party in having nominated James G. Blaine, and now they will have ample time to sit down and carefully consider the blunder in the history of the republican party.

—T. T. Crandall, on being interviewed on the recent election, said: although we have been defeated, I feel perfectly content as the result of shows a bitter fight between gamblers and honest voters in the Ellendale precinct. If the better element of voters had their say in this matter, the straight Republican ticket would have been elected, but as it was, large sums of money were staked on the result of sheriff, and the gamblers made it a point to win at all hazards, but take it all in all the ticket elected are good men and I have no doubt but they will give us a good clean administration. It is rather amusing to hear the many excuses that are framed by the defeated candidates showing the cause of their defeat; some feel quite bitter twards the element that controlled the Ellendale precinct, while others give various reasons for the popularity of the citizens ticket, but the fight is over and THE TIMES now drops any personal feeling that did exist before the election; the ticket elected is composed of splendid men, especialy Mr. Jerabek for register of deeds, who as a man stands on the highest pedestal of honor in the county; he is a gentleman of brains and liberal views, and stands head and shoulders above reproach, and although we did lose our choice for that office, we feel perfectly satisfied with the result, and can say to Dickey county, with pride and confidence, you have reasons to congratulate yourselves on the result in the office.

—W. J. Moore has returned from the north and will make this his home this winter

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Port Emma Times.

W. H. ELLIS, Publisher.

PORT EMMA, - DAKOTA.

The London Economist says that the English farmers cannot raise wheat to sell at 30 shillings a quarter without losing money. Their land costs them, say, £2 an acre, and other incidental charges amount to £2 more. Even if they had their land free, they would barely get back their outlay at the price named.

During the late corner on corner on corn in Chicago, that was, and is not a broker stood up in the Board of trade and bid the ready cash for 500,000 bushels of No. 2 corn at $1 per bushel. Three weeks later No. 2 corn was offered and sold at 46 cents a bushel. The 54 per cent. represented the effects of the corner.

William H. Vanderbilt has just give away another half million dollars, this time to the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City, to be used as a building fund. And it is rumored that still another half million will soon be given by him to found a law school. Vanderbilt has many millions left, and may yet astonish the country by princely generosity to worthy objects.

Hard times have come with a vengeance at Fall River, where nearly all the great cotton mills have shut down, throwing ten thousand operatives out of work. The suspension may be only for a week or it may last indefinitely, as the state of trade demands. There was never a time when dry goods and other articles of prime necessity were lower than now, and persons in need of such supplies by purchasing now can secure bargains.

The sudden cold snap—and such things are always sudden and unexpected to improvident people—may prove a blessing if it leads to more adequate preparations for a vigorous and perhaps stormy winter. Comfortable housing, clothing and feeding a household, is no less a duty than a pleasure, and should not be neglected. And he who does not give thought to dumb animals during the trying season neglects a duty only second to that of taking care of his own household.

The time is at hand when hosts of consumptives leave northern climes for Florida and other southern places. A Florida physician says many consumptives die in that state, but that many others are cured by the climate. He does not advise consumptives to visit [illegible] fined hope of their recovery. When the disease has made such progress that no reasonable hopes of recovery can be reasonably entertained the comforts of home will counterbalance benefits of a change of climate.

Reports come from the New England manufacturing towns of prevalent distress among the operatives. Manufacturing in many places has come to standstill, as a result of lack of orders. Employees are without work, and consequently without wages. Little attention is given at the west to the reports that come almost every day, of the stoppage of mills and the turning out of hundreds of workmen, but those things mean a good deal at home. It is only the turning out of thousands, as at Fall River, that opens the eyes of Western people to the condition of labor in manufacturing states, and shows, them by contrast, the advantages possessed by those who till the fertile prairies over those who are dependent upon the ever fluctuating makets for manufactured goods.

Once in a while a cry arises in the country that the Panama canal is a failure—that it will never be completed. But the London Times and the New York Times probably express as nearly as possible the opinion of the unprejudiced and uninfluenced in their respective countries, and both believe that the canal will be completed at the date fixed by De Lesseps. The former journal, in illustration of the knowledge upon which doubters base their doubts, recalls to the minds of its readers the fact that three months after the Suez Canal was opened, skeptical English ship-owners called at the office of the Canal Company to learn whether it were true that the canal was really finished. Englishmen are advised to inform themselves of the state of affairs, and to begin preparations for securing some of the advantages that may be reaped as soon as the canal is completed. It is suggested that Americans are trying to throw doubt upon the future of the undertaking in order to distract attention from the vigorous preparations that are now being made to secure the lion's share of the benefits to be derived from the completed canal. English ship-owners are warned not to fall into the error which made them ridiculous in the case of the Suez canal, but to take such action as will enable them to secure more than a second rank in the trade that the canal will open up.

THE PITH OF THE NEWS.

Washington News.

Henry Muender has been commissioned postmaster of Anuaton, Wis.

Ex-Commissioner Dudley will positively retire from politics and go into the banking business in New York.

The report that president Arthur is to marry one of Secretary Frelinghuysen's daughters is contradicted by a brother of the lady.

Work on the Washington monument was resumed and will be continued without further interruption until completed, making the total height of the monument 555 feet.

Rev Dr Chapelle, pastor of St. Matthew's Catholic church, Washington, and Prof. Fullerton called at the White House recently, and invited the president to attend the opening exercises of the plenary council to be held in Baltimore Nov 9. The president promised to be present, if not prevented by public duties.

The secretary of war is bent upon breaking up the abuses that have grown out of officers hypothecating their pay accounts in advance of maturity. A few days prior to leaving Washington the secretary informed a member of a firm that has been largely engaged in the business of cashing officers' pay accounts before maturity, that he was determined to break up the whole system, as it ruins the service. He stated that he was engaged in getting up a form of voucher for the pay department with such a certificate upon it that would absolutely preclude any officer from executing any such voucher a single day before his pay was due.

Railroad and River News.

Norman Jones, aged twelve, was arrested at Fitchburg, Mass., for placing obstructions on the track to wreck trains "for fun."

Record of Casualties.

At Duluth a store and dwelling house belonging to a man named Marshall, at Rice's Point, were burned recently. Loss $1,400.

Orffin Halstead, father of Murat Halstead, while going home on the Paddis road, Clermont county, Ohio, last Saturday night, fell over the embankment and broke his neck.

At Spirit Lake, Minn., Mr A. S. Mead, an old gentleman some sixty years of age recently fell from a load of hay in front of the wagon and both wheels passed over his body, injuring him so severely that he died the next day.

At St. Paul, recently, the residence of James O'Brien, on Case street, was destroyed by fire; loss, $3,000 and insurance $800. Mr. O'Brien was severly burned about the face while trying to rescue his children, all of whom fortunately were saved. He lost most of his household goods and personal effects.

The four-story building No 105 Madison street Chicago caught fire Sunday morning and the interior was nearly gutted. Three floors were occupied by A. G. Spaulding & Brother, dealers in base ball outfits and sporting material of all classes. The stock was valued at $140,000; damage estimated at $80,000; insurance $120,000.

A big fire occurred in the south part of Brule county, Dak. It started seven miles from O. D Cone's, by Tunis Olson, who has been arrested and held to answer the charge of setting prairie fire, the bail being fixed at $1,500, which has not yet been obtained. Mr Cone lost all his wheat, oats, flax, buckwheat, harness and one horse.

John Hughes, a miner from British Columbia, passed through Milwaukee on his way to New Orleans, and decided to stop over a day. In a saloon near the depot he came in contact with several men, who began to wrestle with him. Shortly afterward he discovered his money gone, about $700, which he carried in his hip pocket. Four men are under arrest, suspected of having robbed him.

The Criminal Calendar.

At Lawrence, Mass., burglars relieved [illegible] both Stuart Phelps and her brother of $5,000.

At Egerea Park, Cal., Joe Ward, a noted desperado, murdered Charles Fox, in his employ, for alleged criminal intimacy with his wife.

J. J. Hedges, the lawyer who was convicted of forging the name of a client to a certificate of deposit, in Portland, Or., was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary.

L. W. Tambro, a prominent merchant of Decatur, Tex., was shot and killed by William Chambliss, of the Glen Hall saloon. The fight was the result of an old feud. Each man fired five shots. Chambliss was arrested.

Lottie Francis, the thirteen-year-old daughter of William J. Francis of Jamaica, L. I., attempted suicide by cutting her throat. She inflicted a terrible gash, but was discovered in time to give hope that her life will be saved. Her father was recently sued by his son for the alleged alienation of his (the son's) wife's affections. He testified that the wife had confessed that her father-in-law was the father of her six children. The jury rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant. The young girl's attempt at suicide was the result of mortification caused by the scandal.

Personal Points.

George Winfield Scott Hancock Pattison Sullivan Yorks is a small boy in the interior of Pennsylvania.

Rev. Dr. Nelson S. Rulison was consecrated in Cleveland yesterday as assistant Bishop of Central Pennsylvania. Bishop Potter preached the sermon.

The fund for the relief of the widow and family of the late A. M. Sullivan, though strongly supported will hardly reach the requisite $50,000, unless assistance is received from America. T. P. O'Connor is interesting himself largely in the work of raising the fund and has appealed to the Irishmen of London to contribute to the extent of their ability.

Rev. Charles Seccombe, better known as Father Seccombe, who organized the first Congregational church established in the Territory of Minnesota, is now visiting in East Minneapolis, the scene of his early and arduous labors. What is now the First Congregational church of Minneapolis was organized as the First church of St. Anthony, and is in reality the first church in Minneapolis of this denomination.

A startling story is related in New York as coming from Japan by the way of Paris. It is that one of the most beautiful women America has ever produced has been beheaded there through a special edict of the mikado, secured through the prayers of his prime minister. The woman was the Countess Pourlales, nee Mrs. John Beecher of New York. The decapitation was caused through the Japanese prime minister's love, jealousy and revenge.

Miscellaneous News Notes.

A fortune-teller in Cincinnati claims to make $300 a week.

The Chicago Times publishes a ten-column obituary notice of Mr Storey.

Mayor Edison, of New York, appointed Gen. Fitz John Porter police commissioner in place of Sidney P. Nichols, deceased.

Dr. J. A. McGrath, was found dead in bed last Friday morning at the Lobouf house, Chippewa Falls, Wis. He had been practicing at Rice Lake, Barron county, but a few days before.

Four calico kings, representing an aggregate of $14,000,000, were recently gathered around a Brooklyn pool table. They were H. B. Claflin, his business partner, Leeds, and two others.

Some one, who has undertaken the herculean task of keeping tally of ex-Gov Moses' rascalities, reports that, up to date, he has been brought to grief in four states—New York, Massachusetts, Illinois and Michigan.

Orangeburg, S. C., has in prospect a praying match between two noted colored deacons, a purse of $13 being promised to the one who shall show the most power, skill and endurance in his address to the throne of grace.

A strike among coal miners of Colorado commenced some time ago in a small way, and is becoming general. To-day reports swell the number of strikers to 3,000, causing the suspension of operations in nearly all the principal mines of the state.

The Mormons have received a set-back in the verdict of the jury in the Clawson polygamy case that has been on trial at Salt Lake City for some time past. In spite of the convenient forgetfulness and alleged ignorance on the part of most of the Mormon witnesses, enough evidence was secured to warrant the jury in finding a verdict of guilty. Of course an appeal will be taken, and the matter fought to the bitter end.

Nuggets of Foreign News.

The annual number of illegitimate births in Italy has increased some 20,000 in the last ten years.

The empress of Germany sent a telegram to Sir Moses Montefiore, congratulating him on his one hundredth birthday.

Over $4,000 has already been subscribed for the Montreal carnival of 1885. It promises to exceed any previously held.

The Irish party in parliament has decided to withhold its vote on the franchise bill. This will reduce the government majority to eighty-five on division.

Miss Otilda Assing, who died in Paris last August, has left her entirely property of $20,000 to the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The agricultural society of France is about to hold a convention of 5,000 members in Paris to consider the causes of the present agricultural depression in France.

Kaiser Wilhelm rejects the claim of the duke of Cumberland to the duchy of Brunswick.—Borrisowsky & Sons, Moscow, have failed for nearly $5,000,000; assets, $3,765,000.

The franchise bill passed its first reading in the house of commons without a division—The Conservatives in the house of lords are not unanimous in supporting the marquis of Salisbury.

English capitalists are making arrangements to import butchers' meat from Poland. Railway refrigerator cars will be used, and meat delivered in London three or four days after shipment.

In the British House of commons recently, Parnell said he believed in case the government would direct an inquiry into the Maamtrasna murder case, the Irish party would be able to prove the innocence of four of the persons convicted of participation in the crime. He maintained that the government had made no attempt to meet the case as presented by the Irish party. Harcourt, secretary of state for the home department, said nine of the accused admitted guilt. It was not certainly the duty of the government to review the verdict of the jury.

The steamer Maasdam was burned about 700 miles from the Irish coast. The steamer Maasdam was a regular mail steamer of the Rotterdam line and was owned by the Netherlands Steam Navigation company, of which Funch, Edge & Co. are the agents. The Maasdam sailed from Rotterdam on the 18th inst. for New York, where she was expected to arrive on Nov. 1, and sail on her return voyage a week later. Capt. Vanduzee, a native of Holland, and an accomplished mariner, was her commander. She was 2,800 tons burden, and the smallest and oldest of the Rotterdam line.

In the British commons Tuesday Gladstone spoke in strong disapprobation of the Irish members for their [illegible] Earl Spencer, [illegible] they make [illegible] that nothing less than the impeachment of his lordship was necessary. The Irish members interrupted Gladstone frequently during his speech, and he expressed regret that they did not conduct their operations with more prudence. Gladstone expressed a hope that the house would refuse to grant the proposed inquiry into the Maamtrasna trial. In consequence of the remarks of Gladstone in refusing to sanction the motion for an investigation into the Maamtrasna trial, the Irish party has determined to raise the home rule question before the close of the debate upon the address in reply to the speech from the throne.

A monster radical demonstration in favor of the abolition of the house of lords was held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, over 100,000 persons being present. A long procession with bands, flags, etc., marched through the principal streets, and the marchers groaned while passing the headquarters of the various conservatives clubs at the West end. Many banners were displayed, all bearing such inscriptions as "Down with the Lords," and "The Lords are Opponents of Civil and Religious Liberty and Must be Abolished." Speeches were delivered from nine platforms. Miss Jessie Craigin, a well known agitator, presided at one platform. Resolutions were passed declaring the house of lords is useless and dangerous and ought to be abolished. No speeches were made by members of the house of commons.

Recent official correspondence relating to Egyptian affairs has been made public. A letter of instructions from the government to Gen. Wolseley stated that the expedition was to bring Gordon and Stewart from Khartoum. No further offensive operations than necessary would be permitted. Neither the English nor the Egyptian governments were prepared to assume the responsibility of the government of the Nile valley beyond Wady Halfa, though they would be glad to see an independent government established at Khartoum, which would keep the peace with Egypt, would encourage commerce and prevent the slave trade. When it was known that Gen. Gordon had sent Steward to burn Berber the government directed Ketchener to send counter orders to Col Stewart. In a letter dated April 22, Gen Gordon writes that he has offered freedom and pay to slaves who desert the Mahdi. This policy, he says, will sound the doom of slavery in the Soudan. He declares if Shendy is captured by the rebels it will be due to the government's failure to send Zebehr Pasha to him. He expresses the hope that, for the sake of the honor of England, the Abyssinians have not been engaged to fight England's battles.

A New Secretary of the Treasury.

It was supposed that the cabinet was permanent for the remainder of President Arthur's term, but another surprise was given the public on Tuesday last by the appointment of Secretary Gresham to Judge Drummond's seat on the bench, and Hugh McCulloch of Indiana to be secretary of the treasury. The president desired that Judge Drummond should preside over the Seventh circuit until the end of this administration, so that Gresham might remain at the head of the treasury; and Judge Drummond came to Washington to confer with the president about it, but the latter was in New Jersey at the time and was not seen. Last week Judge Drummond wrote the attorney general asking that his resignation might be at once accepted.

Hugh McCulloch, who takes Secretary Gresham's place, was formerly from Fort Wayne, Ind., where he was president of the State Bank Indiana. Upon the organization of the national banking system of which he was practically the author, he was invited by President Lincoln to take its management, and became the first comptroller of the currency of the treasury, putting the new bureau in successful operation. He remained there until March, 1865, when he was appointed to succeed Salmon P. Chase as secretary of the treasury, remaining in that office through the administration of Andrew Johnson.

Three years ago he selected Washington as a permanent residence and purchased a beautiful country seat four miles from the city. He also has a house in town, fronting McPherson square, which he has occupied during the three last social seasons and has entertained extensively. Mr McCulloch is a native of Maine, but he went to Fort Wayne, Ind., a poor boy, originally entering a banking house there as clerk.

Judge Gresham, during the short time he was secretary of the treasury, introduced a reform which will be welcomed by all western people who are in the habit of travelling abroad. In looking over the customs regulations he came to the conclusion that passengers might have the same advantage under the immediate transportation act that importers of merchandise enjoy, and he therefore issued to the collectors of customs at all seaboard ports an order that all passengers for western cities who showed a desire, might have their baggage shipped direct to the port nearest their destination without examination at the port of arrival. The collector of customs of New York protested against this innovation and was overruled by Secretary Gresham, and hereafter the order will be enforced, not only at New York, but at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, New Orleans, San Francisco and other seaboard cities.

The Ohio Liquor Law Unconstitutional.

The supreme court of Ohio, three judges affirming and two dissenting, on Friday declared the Scott Liquor law unconstitutional. Decisions in several cases pending were all to this effect. A majority of the supreme court held that the lien clause of the Scott law is a license law, therefore the whole act is void. No opinion is expressed as to whether the law is void as a tax or license law.

The decision, stripped of its verbiage, declares the entire law unconstitutional, and will not only do away with the collection of the tax this year, only a small portion of which has been paid, but will make it necessary for all corporations to pay back the amount which was collected under the law last year, together with interest. It will bankrupt nearly all the cities of the state as levies for the year were made on the supposition that the law was constitutional and would bring into the treasury of counties and cities a stipulated amount of money. In Columbus, for example, between $45,000 and $50,000 were realized from the tax last year and none of the amount has been paid this year. In consequence the departments are behind in the payments of salaries two and three months. Other cities of the state are similarly situated.

Passed during the winter of 1882-3, the Scott liquor law at once aroused determined opposition, and test cases were carried up to the supreme court of Ohio. On June 29, 1883, the court decided the law constitutional, with the exception of the second clause. The matter again came up in the supreme court about ten days ago, and two days consumed in arguments, with the result set forth in the foregoing telegram.

Another Fire Damp Horror.

An explosion of fire damp with results probably as fatal as attended the terrible disaster at West Leisenring last January, when nineteen lives were lost, occurred at the mines of the Youngstown coke company, four miles from Uniontown, Pa., between 4 and 5 Monday evening. Five minutes later there was a second report, and immediately flames burst forth from openings blocking up the avenues of entrance. News of the disaster spread quickly, and friends and relatives of doomed miners soon gathered around the mouth of the mine, but the fierce flames prevented any attempt at rescue. After an hour's work, however, the flames subsided sufficiently to allow descent by the way of an air shaft. Every effort is being made to rescue the others, but up to a late hour all was in vain. There is scarcely a chance for any one of them to be taken out alive, as it is believed all have perished from the deadly after-damp before this. The air near the mine was filled with the cries of wives and children of the imprisoned men. There are plenty of willing hands and hearts who are ready to risk their lives to rescue them, but it is impossible to get at them now.

"On With the Dance."

A bloody tradgedy was enacted at Martin's Ferry, just opposite Wheeling, West Va., where a dance was in progress at Fenill's satoon. Ben Frazier, a notorious rough, and George Dlenbach both claimed the hand of a girl for a waltz. A quarrel, inspired by an old feud, was begun, and the girl threw herself between the men. Frazier drew a large knife, and reaching over the girl, made a lunge at his opponent, inflicting a fatal wound. Blenbach fell and Frazier again buried the blade in his antagonist's body. Two officers saw the affair but did not venture to intrude, even when the murderer threw away the bloody knife and began a waltz. For two hours he danced and then walked quietly out and came to this city, where the police are now looking for him.

The Chicago Markets.

Wheat, Chicago spring, 74@75½c; No 3, Chicago spring, 62c; No. 2 red, 78c; No. 3 red, 67c.
Corn, cash, 55½@54c.
Oats, cash, 27c.
Rye, 53½c.
Barley, 62c.
Pork, cash, $16.75.
Lard, cash, $7.25@$7.30.

Milwaukee Markets.

Wheat, No. 2, 73½c.
Corn, No. 2, 52c.
Oats, No 2 white, 30½c.
Rye No. 1, 55c; No 2 53c.
Barley, No. 2, 55½c; extra, No. 3, 47c.
Mess Pork, $16 cash.
Lard—Prime steam, $7 40.
Butter, choice creamery, 26@29c; fair to good 23@25c; best dairy, 19@21c.

Minneapolis Markets.

Wheat, No 1 hard, 76½c; No. 2 hard, 72c; No. 1, 67c.
Corn, No. 2 55c; rejected, 48@50c; condemned, 35@40c.
Oats, No 2 old, white, 25@26c; No. 2, new, 25½c; rejected, 22@24c; condemned, 22@23c.
Barley, No 2, 58@60c.
Mixed Feed, No. 1, $17 50@$18; No. 2, $16.50@17.
Corn Meal, unbolted, $17@$18; bolted, $21@$23.
Hay, timothy, $9@9.50; wild, choice, $8@8.50; No. 2 wild, $5.50@6.75.

St. Paul Markets.

Wheat—No 1 hard, new, 79c; No. 2 hard, 74c; No 2, 66c.
Corn, No. 2, 58c; No. 3, 48c.
Oats, No. 2 mixed, 24c; No. 2 white, 25c; No. 3 extra, 24c.
Rye, No. 2, 43c.
Barley, No 2, 57c; No. 3, 40c.
Ground Feed, $18.50.
Baled Hay, $8; timothy hay, $10.00@$10.50.
Flax Seed, $1 15.
Timothy seed, $1.20.
Potatoes, 25c.
Eggs, 14½c.
Butter, dairy fair, 12½c; choice, 15c, creamery, 18c.

Except for the fact that we have become accustomed to marvellous revelations of Western growth, the figures given in the last annual report of the Land Office would seem hardly credible. During the year ending with June last there were sold of the public lands no less than 26,834,041 acres, the great bulk of the sales being made in the States and Territories of the Northwest. Dakota leads the list with more than two-fifths of the total, 11,082,816 acres having been taken up in that Territory. Nebraska stands second, with 3,105,315 acres; Minnesota third, with 1,646,468, while Kansas, California and Washington Territory each have over 1,000,000 acres sold credited to them.

TERRITORIAL NEWS NOTES.

North Dakota Insane Asylum.

Jamestown Special: The first series of buildings to constitute the North Dakota Insane asylum is finished. The trustees, accompanied by Maj. Willett of Chicago, the well-known architect, made an official inspection of the building, and, finding the work entirely satisfactory, received it from the hands of the contractor. The architect commends highly the manner in which Mr. Whittemore (of Morris, Minn.) has carried out the provisions of his contract; and, indeed, the solid structure, which crowns one of the highest bluffs overlooking the town, about a mile southeast of the courthouse, is a credit to Jamestown and our great territory. It is now ready for occupancy, and it is unfortunate that the lack of ready funds makes it necessary that it remain vacant until the legislature votes an appropriation to pay running expenses. One of the conditions of the bill locating the asylum at Jamestown was that the plans and specifications should be submitted by the trustees to the governor for his approval within a year following the passage of the bill, and that the contract should be let within twenty days thereafter. At the time of the February meeting for the consideration of the various proposed plans and specifications two of the three non-resident members of the board of trustees were absent from the territory, having about concluded that the provisions of the bill could not be carried out; but the third, Hon. G. W. Pierce of Castlewood, made a special effort to be present, and fortunately for Jamestown he succeeded, and the plans, etc., were approved in time. The vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Dr Hall has recently been filled by the appointment of M. E. Foley of this city, and now there is a resident quorum of the board. Only about $1,000 of the first appropriation of $50,000 remains. The building just completed will accommodate but fifty patients, and there are said to be seventy-five entitled to admission in North Dakota alone. In regard to expenditures already made, it is sufficient to say now that the land cost $17,000—all other public institutions of the territory are on government land—house and barn, $3,000, main building, including heating apparatus, $28,500, leaving about $1,300 of the amount realized from the sale of bonds, which amount will probably be invested in furniture. Everything is paid for, and not a particle of subsidy has been asked or given.

The New Synod of Dakota.

The synod of Dakota, which was created by an act of the Presbyterian general assembly while in session at Saratoga, N. Y., last May, held its first meeting at Huron, Oct. 9 and 13. Rev. Walter S. Peterson, the oldest minister in point of residence in the territory, preached the opening sermon, and constituted the synod according to ecclesiastical law and usage. This the only synod in the United States composed of both foreign and home missionaries, the presbytery of Dakota being composed of ten Indian churches, two of which are foreign mission churches, and the remaining eight home mission churches.

The presbyteries of Aberdeen, Central Dakota, and Southern Dakota, complete the list of presbyteries comprising the synod. The synod numbers forty-eight ordained ministers, three licentiates; has seventy-two churches organized, with a total membership of two thousand, with thirty-eight houses of worship built and in process of erection, and over 2,700 Sabbath school members. The first Presbyterian church organized in Dakota was at Dell Rapids twelve years ago. This was the beginning of the work, which has resulted in the erection of a synod for the territory. Nearly all of this marvelous growth has taken place in the last six years, and the last year and a half has been an especially prosperous season for the church in the Territory. The synod receives under its care, from the old presbytery of Southern Minnesota, the Pierre university, and it is to be remarked in this connection that no synod of the Presbyterian church can boast of having had so early in its history such an institution as this Pierre university commenced upon its second year Sept. 10, 1884, on which day the corner stone of the new building was laid with appropriate ceremonies. The building is 50x70 feet, four stories, stone foundation and brick walls, and will stand fifty-six feet high from basement floor to ceiling of upper story. It will cost about $20,000, and will be paid for when completed. It is called McCormick hall, in honor of Hon Cyrus H. McCormick, deceased, whose beneficence enables the trustees to complete the building free of debt. His gift was $7,500. The university is now under charge of Rev. T. M. Findley as president, with a corps of competent assistants and the old building known as Pioneer hall, crowded to overflowing with students.

Wonderful Growth of Dakota.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Union.

The growth of Dakota during the last two or three years has probably surpassed any thing in the history of the country. In the fiscal year of 1881 only 4,500 acres of land were sold in the Territory. The building of the Northern Pacific Railroad, however, opened the region to easy access, and the sales jumped in 1882 to about 4,500,000 acres. This total was doubled in 1883, and the record for the past year shows an increase of about one-fourth over those enormous figures. Towns spring up almost in a day, and develop into considerable cities within a year. The population increases with great rapidity. The number of homesteads taken up during the last year was 25,000, each of which is supposed to represent a family.

The growth of population is followed by a rapid increase in educational facilities. Flandreau is a town in the southeastern part of the territory, which had but 471 inhabitants when the census of 1880 was taken. A dispatch from Flandreau this morning announces the arrival there of an eastern professor, who will at once begin arranging plans for the building of a well endowed college. A corps of teachers has already been engaged to begin work as soon as the buildings, which will be large and commodious, are ready for occupancy, and there is no question about a hearty patronage of the institution. This is only a sample of the way in which education is fostered. No less than five universities have been founded in the territory within the last year.

It is but a vague idea which most people have of this vast region beyond the Mississippi. It is only by comparison that one can gain any just conception of its extent. Dakota covers an area of 149,450 square miles, which means that it is three times as large as the state of New York, or a fourth larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales together. With a climate and soil which render it peculiarly suited to the raising of wheat, it is destined to be one of the chief storehouses of the country, and it is not strange that the inhabitants should feel inclined to boast over their prospects for the future.

Secretary Teller has gone East for a three weeks' visit.

Flax sold for $1.31 per bushel in Sioux Falls.

No 1, volume 1 of the North Dakota Democrat, of four pages, seven columns each, has just been issued at Valley City, by T. B. Vallandingham.

In several counties vigilance committees have been formed for the purpose of prosecuting and punishing parties who may start prairie fires.

The Sanborn Elevator company at Sanborn has purchased 1,000 hogs, to be fattened at the elevators of the company.

A $10,000 flouring mill is to be erected at Dawson, having a capacity of sixty barrels a day.

W. H. McNutt of Pierre has recently shipped eighty tons of buffalo bones to Chicago.

Randolph Devine is in jail at Chamberlain for furnishing whisky to Indians.

The stacks of D. Kollo and Byron Livingston, near Ellendale, were burned by a prairie fire. Loss, $800.

The house and outbuildings belonging to E. A. Scooster of Dawson, were burned. Loss $3,500; insurance $2,800.

The Black Hills Indians are now making their annual pilgrimage across South Dakota to the Pipe Stone quarries.

Indians corral antelope in the Knife River valley, by disguising themselves as bears.

Orders have been issued by the secretary of the interior disbarring from practice the following named attorneys in Dakota: Sanford McGinnis, Kimball; W. D. Mixter and A. J. Gibbs, Mina Centre; and C. B. Bartlett, Salem. They were all charged with complicity in land frauds.

Canton Advocate: "I ask the favor of all the saloonkeepers and bartenders and all of my friends to not ask, sell or give me a drink of any kind for a year. I want to quit. Dick Edwards."

The members of the Woman's Relief Corps, of Huron, are doing everything in their power to provide the families of the hail sufferers, in that section, with suitable clothing for winter.

A. W. Kelly of Jamestown lost thirty-five acres of wheat by prairie fire.

The suspended Bank of Dakota is rapidly settling with its creditors.

J. E. Baker has 1,000 chickens on his Huron farm.

Mayor Gale of Canton, so brutally assaulted recently, has had Ed S. Rowley arrested, charged with the crime, and the latter has been held in $1,000 to appear at the district court.

The body of Mrs. Martha Grimm, an old lady who was missing from her home near Webster, has been found in a small lake near her former home. Circumstances showed that she had undoubtedly destroyed herself.

Several daring attempts at burglary were made at Fargo. The wholesale grocery house of E. M. Raworth & Co was broken into and the job of drilling the safe showed the work of professionals.

THE DAKOTA NOMINEES.

Congressional.

For Delegates in Congress—Republican—Oscar S Gifford of Lincoln county.
Democratic—John R. Wilson of Lawrence county.

LEGISLATIVE—FIRST DISTRICT.

Republican—Council, H. A. Jerauld of Lincoln county; house, O. T. Brandhagen.
Democratic—Council, O. E. Rea of Lincoln, John R. Wood of Union; house, J. V. Conklin of Lincoln, E. P. Tristle of Union, H. J. Austin and F. Tyler of Clay.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Republican—Council, John R. Gamble of Yankton and A. Sheridan Jones of Hutchinson; house, A. L. Van Osdel of Yankton, Hugh Langan and J. P. Ward, of Turner, and J. H. Swanton of Hutchinson.
Democratic—Council, J. B. Van Velsor, Hugh Langan; house, C. E. Brooks, R. O. Tousta, Matthias Schlinger.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Republican—Council, A. F. Bowdle of Davison county, B. B. Warner of Bon Homme; for the house, A. J. Parshall of Hanson, Mark Ward of Brule, Charles Huston of Douglas and H. M. Clark of Aurora.
Democratic—Council, F. M. Ziebach of Bon Homme and D. T. Duncan of Brule; house, R. O. Green of Davison, Benjamin Birge of Hanson, D. O. Kane of Aurora and H. C. Tucker of Charles Mix.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Republican—For the council, E. P. Petterson of Minnehaha and George R. Farmer of Miner; for the house, F. E. Smith and J. M. Bailey of McCook, H. W. Smith and W. H. Riddell of Minnehaha.
Democrat—Council, W. S. Wyman of Minnehaha, H. M. Rogers of Miner; house, J. W. Shannard of Bridgewater, P. J. Morstad and J. T. Gilbert of Sioux Falls and Philip L. Runkel of Salem.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Republican—Council, W. B. Cameron of Lake county and H. H. Natwick of Brookings county; house, John Hobart and George Rice of Moody county, and J. C. Southwick and V. O. Barnes of Kingsbury county.
Democrat—Council, J. O'D Scobey of Brookings, house, J. E. Whaler of Erin, Levi Gray of Flandreau, B. E. Pay of Brookings.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Republican—Council, J. W. Day of Spink and J. H. Westover of Hughes. For assembly, George Pierce of Hamlin, J. A. Pickler of Faulk, M. B. Miller of Beadle, J. P. Blackmore of Hyde.
Republican Bolters—Council, J. P. Day of Spink and Geo. William Stough of Hughes; House, T. M. Jeffries of Beadle, A. Van Doren of Hand, T. W. Balsline of Sanborn and A. A. Brown of Hamlin.
Democrats—Council, Dallas D. Ercle of Band county, F. F. Randolph of Beadle county; House, S. D. Jeffries of Clark, B. P. Hooser of Sully, D. Fouch of Spink, O. J. Haines of Hughes.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Republican—Council, Col A. B. Smedley of Grant county and Dr V. P. Kennedy of Brown; house, George H. Johnson of Brown, M. T. De Woody of Edmunds, Eugene Huntington of Day, and F. A. Eldridge of Grant.
Democrats—Council, C. Boyd Barrett of Brown, house, J. E. Thompson of Campbell.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

Republican—Council: F. J. Washabaugh, Lawrence county; S. P. Wells, Pennington county. House: Eben W. Martin, H. M. Gregg, A. M. Coll, Lawrence county; A. L. Sprague, Custer county.
Democratic—Council, C. F. Thompson of Lawrence, and Robert Flemmon of Pennington. House: A. M. Roath of Custer, C. E. Blackwell of Butte; T. L. Sikira, B. P. Smith of Lawrence.

NINTH DISTRICT.

Republican—Council: Johnson Nickeus of Stutsman county; Charles Richardson of Barnes. House: E. A. Williams of Burleigh; Dr. H. W. Coe of Morton; W. F. Steele of Kidder, and Julius Stevens of Griggs.
Democratic—Council: D. M. Kelleher of Stutsman county; W. E. Jones of Barnes county; House: G. B. Vallandigham of Barnes county; J. W. Goodrich of Stutsman county; C. D. Smith of Foster county; and Dr. G. F. Newell of Griggs county.

TENTH DISTRICT.

Republican—Council—D. H. Twomey of Cass county, Charles D. Austin of Ransom. For the Assembly—W. B. Locklin of Cass, E. S. Stebbins of Richland, P. J. McCumber of Richland, Samuel M. Wilkins of Dickey.
Independent—Council—J. A. Johnson of Cass. Assembly—F. W. McKnight of Cass, Frank Longstaff of Cass, John C. Pratt of Richland.
Democrat—Council—John A. Johnson of Fargo and J. C. Pratt of Richland County. House—Dr. Bert Robertson of Fargo, Henry Oliver of Ransom county, T. M. Pugh of Dickey, and R. D. Button, LaMoure.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.

Republican (Nelliboro Convention)—Council, Dr. W. T. Collins of Grand Forks county, and George E. Browers of Traill county; assembly, Theodore Holton of Grand Forks county, A. Steenson of Traill county, F. P. Day of Nelson county, T. G. Anderson, Steele county.
Bolters (Larimore Convention)—Council, George H. Walsh of Grand Forks, and John Fillitle of Traill; assembly, John W. Scott of Grand Forks, Charles Morgan of Traill, E. T. Hutchinson of Nelson, Mr. Miller of Steele.
Democratic—Council, C. B. Pratt of Grand Forks; house, Mayor Roach of Grand Forks, E. N. Falk, Budd Reeves.

TWELFTH DISTRICT.

Republican—Council, Judson LaMoure, Pembina county; F. J. McLaughlin, Walsh county. House: H. Stone, Pembina county; Donald Stewart, Walsh county; If H. Ruger, Ramsey county; P. McHugh, Cavalier county.
Straight Republican Legislative Ticket—West End: For the council, Dr. J. G. Millspaugh of Walsh county, Frank Wilson of Pembina county; for the assembly, Walter Kidder of Walsh county, John Bechtel of Pembina county.
Democratic convention endorsed the Republican ticket headed by La Moure.

REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN NEWS.

AN APPEAL.

To Republican Temperance Men as to Their Duty in the Present National Contest.

We, steadfast temperance men and prohibitionists ourselves, ask your careful consideration of the following reasons for not voting the national prohibition ticket:

First—Because it is the general sentiment of prohibitionists that the cause will hereafter, as heretofore, be more successful when the question of prohibition is submitted to a vote of the people separate from other issues and distinct from party politics.

Second—Because prohibition cannot successfully make a national political issue until a policy to be pursued has been clearly defined and approved by the great body of the friends of the cause in the United States.

Third—Because the present prohibition ticket was put in the field without such approval. The convention which inaugurated the movement and nominated the ticket, did not represent the great body of prohibitionists throughout the country, and a large part of the convention opposed placing a ticket in the field. Temperance people in states in which prohibition has been successful, as Maine, Iowa, and Kansas, generally opposed it.

Fourth—Because the present movement is confusing—no plan of operations being properly defined. According to its platform, a vote for St. John is as much a vote for woman suffrage—for Chinese emigration to this country—for taking the appointing power away from the president—for its unjust imputations against both Blaine and Logan—as it is for temperance and prohibition.

Fifth—Because the platform is not the expression of the convention, but of a committee appointed to revise and republish it. The platform adopted by the convention contained a fiat money greenback plank, which the committee eliminated. Gov. St. John in his acceptance heartily endorses the platform, but fails to say whether it is the one adopted by the convention or the committee.

Before presenting this crude document in the name of the prohibitionists of the country for the suffrages of the American people, the questions to be voted on should have been more carefully considered and authoritively adopted. Especially before requiring them, as the platform does, to ignore all other questions of public interest represented by the republican and democratic parties."

Sixth—Because it is unfair to patriotic citizens to bring the question of prohibition before the people in such shape as not only to require its friends to vote for what many of them do not approve; but to sacrifice their votes on all other questions, however vitally important to the welfare of the country, where there is not the slightest prospect of success.

It is true the republican party declined to make prohibition an issue in its platform.

For it to have done so would have been political suicide. It would have driven out of the party all of its members, except the prohibitionists. It would therefore have been the abandonment of the field to the democratic party. It would have been to turn over the protection of their rights and the education of the freedmen, the preservation and maintenance of all of the wise and beneficent measures and the great achievements of the republican party to the care, enforcement and preservation of the party that has always been very bitterly opposed to them.

It is also true that its candidates are not at liberty to make new issues for the party by letters, speeches, or acts; for either to do so would be unwarranted assumption. Some prohibitionists have censured Mr. Blaine for not voting on the amendment to the constitution in Maine. But a little reflection will satisfy every fair-minded person that it would have been an assumption of party authority, immediately after the national convention had declined to make the question an issue.

For Mr. Blaine to have voted against the amendment would have been unjust to the prohibitionists, and to have voted for it, unjust to those who are opposed—both having joined in adopting the platform and nominating him to stand upon it.

Seventh—Because votes by republicans for St. John are thrown away from the party that favors majority rule,—a free ballot and fair count,—a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and which permits a vote on the question of prohibition under all proper circumstances; thrown away in favor of the party that is opposed to all prohibitory legislation whether the people are in favor of it or not.

Eighth—Because republican votes for the prohibition ticket are three-fold worse than thrown away, i. e., they weaken the party of fair play; they strengthen the party of uncompromising hostility; and they indorse an unwise and ill-digested movement that will greatly embarrass, retard and weaken the cause of prohibition.

Ninth—Because there not being the slightest prospect of the election of this so-called prohibition ticket, the only result of republicans voting for it in large numbers will be to put the democratic party in control of the general government.

Tenth—Because if this is the object, as some leaders in the movement avow it to be, it will be more honorable and straightforward to vote for Cleveland and Hendricks direct than for St. John, as this would avoid the odium of practicing a deception upon the friends of temperance in order to do a thing of such doubtful propriety as to put Gov. Cleveland into the white house.

Eleventh—Because we do not believe any true republican can honestly throw away his vote or aid directly or indirectly in electing the democratic ticket. If republicans have allowed abuses, democrats have always been worse. It is unreasonable to favor a change from bad to worse simply for a change. It would be tempting a great calamity. The success of the democratic party at this time would throw a dark cloud of doubt and uncertainty and a gloom of impending danger over the business interests of the country would last for years.

No one can tell what policy it would pursue, what of the republican legislation of the last twenty-five years it would repeal or what new measures it would adopt.

The danger and probabilities are that its acts would be in accord with its former course, doctrines and traditions, for it professes to adhere to all of its "time honored principles." It is only safe to judge of these by its former acts, and by the known and oft-repeated sentiments of a majority of those composing and of course controlling the party. They are largely the men who made and sympathized with the war for the overthrow of the government. A caucus of its members of congress would be controlled by these men. And thus they would take charge of the government they so recently attempted to destroy.

Would the pensions of the disabled Union soldiers and the provisions for their care and preferments and for their widows and orphans be safe in such keeping?

The party opposed the creation of the national debt. Would the national credit be safe if intrusted to its care? It opposed the establishment of our national banking system. Would it not alter, cripple or overthrow it?

It has always opposed protective tariffs.

Would it not leave our manufacturing, productive, and labor interests without proper fostering care by its "revenue reforms?"

It opposed emancipation, enfranchisement, equality before the law, and civil rights for negroes. Would it be likely to maintain and enforce the laws securing them? Or would it be a safe guardian and friend to promote the education and elevation of the negroes which are so important to their welfare and to the safety and prosperity of the institutions of the country?

It is opposed to the amendments to the constitution and the reconstruction acts, and has threatened in its platform their repeal. If put in power can any one tell what course it would pursue on these questions?

Is any republican so strong a prohibitionist as to be willing to jeopardize all these great interests for the purpose of throwing away his vote on Gov. St. John?

Twelfth—Because it is wrong to elect a party to power that ignores its principles and evades discussing the policy it intends to pursue, and attempts to get into power by personal detraction of its opponents. Do you propose to thus aid in incurring the license of the press and the prostitution of the artists' pencils and orators' platforms to the purpose of robbing men of their good name that iterates and reiterates its personal detraction, misrepresentations and slanders as now resorted to by the democratic party through its old and new leaders, or do you favor "clean politics?"

Thirteenth—Both the nominees for president and vice-president by the republican party are competent and worthy. Both are high-minded and honorable Christian gentlemen, members in good standing—one in the Congregational, the other in the Methodist Episcopal church—against whom the poisoned darts of malice have been hurled by their political enemies in vain. Both of whom have been in the clear light of the public gaze before the country for twenty years. They have occupied the highest places in the councils of the nation. They have been honored leaders of their party for all that long period, enjoying its implicit trust and unshaken confidence in their wisdom, integrity and faithfulness to public duty.

Fourteenth—Because the nominee of the democratic party for president is neither competent nor worthy to fill the highest and most responsible office in this great nation.

His gross blunder while dodging the tariff question in his letter accepting the nomination by declaring that the president has nothing to do with legislation—his office being simply executive—proves that he has no proper idea of the duties of the office. The constitution makes it the duty of the president to recommend to congress such legislation as he favors, and gives him the absolute power to prevent such as he opposes, unless passed by a two-thirds vote in each branch—the house of representatives and the senate.

As to his worthiness to occupy the white house, the whole country knows the grounds of our objections, which are not denied by his most earnest advocates.

As to the candidate for vice president, he has been too prominently before the country not to be known to be obnoxious to all that has been said against his party.

For these reasons we appeal to every true republican to stand by and vote the ticket of his party, and not to throw his vote away on either St. John, Butler or Mrs. Lockwood, for that will only aid the democrats, who, in the language of Mr. George William Curtis, are "a party which fell from power as a conspiracy against human rights, and now attempts to sneak back to power as a conspiracy for plunder and spoils." And for these reasons, we respectfully request ex-Gov. St. John to withdraw from the canvass.

Theodore D. Woolsey, New Haven, Conn.; Thomas Talbot, North Billerica, Mass.; Noah Davis, New York city; Grant Goodrich, Chicago; John V. Farwell, Chicago; R. M. Hatfield, Evanston, Ill.; Orrington Lunt, Evanston, Ill.; William Deering, Evanston, Ill.; John Evans, Denver, Col.; Ira Buckman, chairman, John L. Mitchell, secretary, New York state temperance assembly, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10, 1884.

The following petition is being circulated for signatures:

To the Hon. John P. St. John, Prohibition candidate for President. DEAR SIR—The undersigned temperance men and prohibitionists in the interest of the cause of temperance and prohibition, respectfully request you to withdraw from your candidacy in the present contest, for reasons set forth in the "appeal to republican prohibitionists as to their duty in the present national contest," dated New York, Sept. 27, 1884.

Blaine's Tour.

HIS SPEECH AT SOUTH BEND.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Oct. 19.—The following is Mr. Blaine's speech at South Bend:

Men of Indiana: The struggle in all human society is first for bread. There is no use in expounding fine theories to a man who is hungry. There is no use in commending a political principle to one who is in need of shelter. There is no use in talking philosophy to one who is naked. Food and clothing are the primary requirements of human society, the primary elements of human progress, and to secure this you must put the people in the way of earning good wages. [Shouts of "That's right" and cheers.] I never saw any man moved to enthusiasm by silently contemplating the prosperity of another [laughter] while he himself was in need. To move him you want to make him feel his own prosperity. [Cheers.] The beginning, therefore, and the end of wise legislation is to give every man a fair and equal chance, and to leave the race of life open and free for all. [Cheering.] What agency will best accomplish that? What legislation will most tend to that end? Certainly it will not tend to that end to throw open our ports and say, "Send ye all here your fabrics, made by the cheapest and most distressed labor of Europe, to compete with our own people, who are just opening their shops, buildings and their factories, for if you do that you cannot spin a wheel or turn a lathe in these factories at home, unless you can get your labor at the European prices." ["That's so."] We begin right there. From these considerations we deduce the conclusion that the protective tariff is primarily for the benefit of the laboring man, because if you take in your hand any manufactured article, or cast your eye upon anything which cannot be taken in the hand, you find that the chief constituent element in its cost is labor. In many cases the material is but 1 per cent and the labor is 99 per cent in the cost of the article. Therefore all legislation of a protective character is and must be mainly

FOR THE BENEFIT OF LABOR,

because labor is the principal element in the cost of the fabric; hence, if there be any man who is pre-eminently and above all others interested in the tariff it is the laboring man. [Cheers.] If you compare the two great political parties in relation to this question, you will find that the Republican party lives, moves, breathes and has its being in protection. [Great cheering.] A protective tariff was one of the first fruits of the election of Mr. Lincoln. We have had it for twenty years on the statute books, with various amendments which have been added from time to time to make it more protective, and the result is that all history, ancient, modern and mediæval, may be challenged for a national progress like unto that which we have made since 1861. [Renewed cheers.] I am merely reciting the facts and figures of your assessors' books, and of the United States census tables, when I say that in the last twenty-three years of the history of this country we have added more wealth, double over, than we had acquired from the discovery of the continent by Columbus down to the election of Abraham Lincoln. [Prolonged cheering.] There must have been some peculiar and potent agent at work to produce this great result. That agent was the protective tariff, operating to nerve the arm of labor and reward it fairly and liberally. [Cheers.] Whether that policy shall be continued or whether it shall be abandoned is the controlling issue of this campaign. All other questions are laid aside for the time. There are many which are worthy of consideration, but two weeks from Tuesday next we shall have an election in every state in the Union to determine with reference to this question, the character of the next congress and the future policy of the government. You have before you the Republican party

PLEDGED TO SUSTAIN THE PROTECTIVE TARIFF

and illustrating that pledge by a specific and consistent example extending through the last twenty-three years. You have, on the other hand, the Democratic party, which in fifty-one years, since 1833, has never in a single instance voted for protection, and never controlled a congress that it did not oppose protection. [That's so.] I say therefore to the laboring men and the mechanics who may do me the honor to listen, your unions, your leagues, all those associations which you have formed for your own advantage and your own advancement are well and proper in their way. It is your right to have them, and to administer them as you choose, but they are not as strong as a rope of sand against the ill-paid labor of Europe if you take away the protective tariff, which is now your background and support. [Cheers.] So do not be deluded by the idea that you can dispense with the protective tariff and substitute for it your labor unions. [Renewed cheering.] I do not distract your attention with any other question. I do not stop to dwell upon the great issues that have been made and settled by the Republicans within the last twenty-three years. That party has made a deeper and more glorious imprint in history than any other political organization that ever was charged with a great responsibility, and it is the patriotic pride of every man who has belonged to it that he has belonged to it and has shared in its labors, its responsibilities, its triumphs and its honors. [Great cheers.]

Mr. Blaine's Speech at Terre Haute, Ind.

The Southern question, as for years it has been popularly termed, is precipitated into the canvass by the South itself, and to neglect to notice it would be to overlook one of the most powerful and dangerous factors in the national contest. To understand that question properly it should be remembered that there are politically two Souths, which we may term respectively the new South and the old South. The new South represents that awakened liberal sentiment which is striving for the industrial development of that naturally rich section of the Union which recognizes the necessity of a tariff for protection, which casts the bitter memories of the civil conflict behind, and which is hopefully struggling in Virginia, in North Carolina, in Tennessee and in other states in the late confederacy. This element includes many men who served in the confederate armies. It naturally affiliates with the Republican party, and it seeks to lead the people away from the prejudices of the past to a contemplation of the majestic future, which was and magnanimous action may bring to the South in common with the North. The old South represents the spirit of the Rebellion and cherishes feelings of sullen discontent; is perpetually reaffirming its faith in the rights of 'the lost cause;' is full of bitter reproaches against those who triumphed in the war for the union; regards negro suffrage with abhorrence;

MAINTAINS THE "WHITE LINE,"

and is ready to use whatever amount of intimidation or violence may be necessary to preserve its official and personal mastery in the South. It is unquestionably dominant in all the old slave states, and is open and avowed affiliation with the Democratic party of the North. It constitutes three-fourths of the effective Democratic strength in the nation, and in the event of Democratic triumph would be in absolute and undisputed control of the government. The struggle of the Republicans is for the amelioration, improvement and progress of the South as well as of the North, but they are confronted everywhere by the determined and hitherto triumphant Southern Democrats. The aim of the Democratic party, as I have already said, is to obtain the electoral votes of New York and Indiana with the electoral votes of the sixteen Southern states, and it is for New York and Indiana to consider just what that means and where it would carry them. New York has a greater stake than any other state of the Union in maintaining sound principles of government in upholding the national credit, in perpetuating the financial system which embodies the matured wisdom of the past twenty years. In sustaining the protective policy Indiana has a stake less than that of New York only as her population and wealth are less. Do the citizens of those two states fully comprehend what it means to trust the national credit, the national finances, the national pensions, the protective system, and all the great interests which are under the control of the national government, to the old South, with its bitterness, its unreconciled temper, its narrowness of vision, its hostility to all Northern interests, its constant longing to revive an impossible past, its absolute incapacity to measure the sweep of our great future? [Cheers.] The North and the South, under Republican administration of the government, will ultimately be brought into harmonious relations. In the past ten years great progress has been made toward that result and the next ten years may witness the effacement of all hostile lines, and the absolute triumph of just and magnanimous policies. [Renewed cheering.] But all prospects of that result would be defeated and destroyed by giving the old South possession of the national power. Among the first of the baleful effects that would follow would be the crushing out of all liberal progress in the south, and the practical nullification of all that has been gained by the reconstruction laws which followed the rebellion. The people of New York and the people of Indiana are now asked to aid in bringing about the deplorable result, to be followed by the abandonment of the reversal of the great financial and industrial policies under which the nation has prospered so marvelously since the close of the war. ["Never, never."] I do not, I cannot believe that you will do it, because such a course is forbidden by every instinct of patriotism, as well as by every consideration of enlightened self-interests. [Prolonged cheering.]

Address by the National Committee.

The Republican national committee hails in the glorious victories already won a sure omen of the greater victory that is close at hand. Vermont is still the star that never sets. Maine, captured in 1880, rebukes slander by a plurality of 20,000, a gain of 13 per cent of its entire vote. West Virginia, in place of 11,000 plurality for Hancock, now falls below 3,000—a Republican gain of 7 per cent, which kindles hope that the 153 votes of a solid South may be broken in November. But the result in Ohio is a revolution and a prophecy. Only a year ago Democratic by 12,600, and two years ago by 19,000 plurality, Ohio now gives 12,000 plurality for the lowest Republican state candidate, and on national issues 18,000 for the Republican congressmen. Holding the state and local offices and the whole machinery of elections, the Democrats scattered corruption money with lavish hand, colonized voters, imported professional repeaters, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts to enforce the law against them, cast many thousands of fraudulent votes. Because of this power they had chosen to stake all upon that state, declared that it would foreshadow the result in November, and were strongly certain of success. They filled the air with slander. Local issues led many voters to disregard national questions. Against such odds the magnificent victory is a prophecy of 40,000 plurality for Blaine and Logan in November. With the ratio of gain in other states, it foreshadows an increase of 700,000 in the Republican national vote, and the largest popular majority ever given to any candidate. These victories show the determination of the people that as Lincoln, Grant and Garfield were slandered in vain, so the foremost statesman of to-day shall not be driven from the people's work by the tongue of malice. They show that the Republican party, which was the first to resist and uproot the dogma of "perpetual allegiance" to a foreign power, is chosen by the nation to defend all rights of American citizens abroad. They show that so long as the Democratic party rests all hope of success upon a denial of free suffrage in the Southern states it will ask in vain the confidence of any state where a free vote is recorded by honest count.

BENEFITS OF PROTECTION.

They show that the people will not abandon the protection of American industry, under which the country has gained twice as much in twenty years as it gained in all its previous history; the protection of American labor, which has lifted wages 62 per cent higher here than in England. The people see what stagnation a Democratic "first firm step toward free trade" has caused within the past year. Nine months ago, flushed with victory and boasting of certain success, the Democratic party made no secret of its blind adherence to British theories of free trade. Now neither a deceitful platform nor a dumb candidate avails to check the stampede from the party. For its voters know that protection has made the rewards of labor greater here than in any other country on earth.

The national committee appeals to the people to make the victory decisive. It is no time for overconfidence, or for neglect of any proper effort. Bare success is not enough. It is time to put an end to the agitation by which the Democratic party prostrates business every four years; put an end to the hope that the nation can be ruled by shotguns in sixteen states and frauds in two; put an end to the vilification of the two foremost champions of American ideas by men who do not dare to meet vital issues of national policy. Make the principles proclaimed by our matchless leader—"Peace with the world; commercial expansion in every practicable direction; encouragement of every form of American industry; protection of every citizen, native or naturalized, at home or abroad"—not only triumphant, that the splendid prosperity which they promote shall not again be interrupted by the struggle of obsolete theories and foreign interests for the mastery of this continent. The grandest part of the grandest history ever made by any nation is the work of the Republican party. It rests with you, Republicans of the nation, to carry forward the work which you and your fathers have begun, and to which so many brave and faithful men have given precious lives, that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall be maintained in the land.

(Signed) B. F. JONES, Chairman,
SAMUEL FESSENDEN, Secretary.

John T. Davis of Liverpool, English member of the firm of Davis, Atkinson & Co., Chicago, filed a bill for accounting against his partner, John T. Atkinson, whose alleged defalcation to the extent of $200,000 of the firm's money was announced some days ago. The bill expressly charges that Atkinson gave checks to the amount of $22,000 on option deals when he had no funds of the firm of his credit, and appropriated fully $200,000 of the firm's money in payment of his board of trade losses. The bill asks to recover for the firm.

At Shreveport, La., the supreme court affirmed the decision of the lower court in the case of Ben F. Jenkins, sentenced to the penitentiary for life for the murder of Rev. J. Lane Borden.

Stephen Van Horn, a young man of Toledo, worth $150,000, has been sued for divorce by a lady known as Miss Sallie St. John, who alleges a secret marriage and abandonment.

THE SISTER.

She never knew that music soft and sweet—
The patter of a little baby's feet;
She never knew the world of joy and bliss
That lingers in a husband's tender kiss;
She never knew the heartache and the pain
Of living loving, and that loving vain;
She never knew the sorrow and the woe
Of losing light from eyes whose radiant glow
Was all her sun!

She lives in vain, you say?
If, then, to live in vain is day by day
To go among the lowly and the poor;
A ray of sunshine to each darkened door;
To soothe with gentle words and gentle touch
Wretches who sinned, and sinned to suffer much;
To be the link that joins a weary life
To God; to be the comforter of strife;
To be the soothing balm for every pain;
Then the grand woman truly lives in vain!

—Cluskey Cromwell in the Republic.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embitt'ring all his state.
The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wint'ry blast, the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-cap eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

THE QUARREL.

The brief March day was drawing to a close, and the twilight, which would probably light up country hillsides for some time with purple softness, was already eclipsed in the city with flaring gas-lights, and Lilian Graham clung closer to her friend's side, with almost a sensation of terror.

"I had no idea it was so late, Effie," she said to Mrs. Wallis, her companion. "Oh, do let us hurry home."

"Don't be nervous," laughed merry little Mrs. Wallis. "We're only half a dozen blocks away from home at the furthest. I like to be out in the twilight once in a while myself. It gives one a spicy sense of adventure."

But Lilian was made of different stuff. There was something clinging and dependent in her nature, and the growing darkness appalled her.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed, with a sudden, joyous intonation of her voice. "Meredith Allston is coming. He will see us safe home."

As she spoke a tall figure approached—the figure of a gentleman walking rapidly down the street, with the lamp light shining full upon his dark eyes and regular features.

"Mr. Allston! Meredith!"

But, to Lilian's surprise, the gentleman took no notice of her hesitating summons, but passed her, looking into her eager, flushed face with the careless glance of unrecognition.

She drew herself haughtily up and bit her lip.

"I might have spared myself the trouble of speaking," she said. "If I had only [illegible] Allston does not know [illegible] acquaintances in the street!"

"I dare say he was thinking of something else," said Effie Wallis, apologetically.

"But I called his name," persisted Lilian, "and he looked me full in the face!"

"Well, you shall call him to an account for it when he comes to-night."

"I have half a mind not to see him!"

"That would be nonsense," said sensible Mrs. Wallis. "Come along; we shall be at home in two minutes."

Lilian Graham looked very pretty as she sat in her father's drawing room that night, with the soft light from the chandelier streaming around her slender figure. She was a blonde, of that rare type of beauty which boasts a complexion like damask roses and hair of shining gold in contrast to eyes of the darkest hazel, and the somewhat plain face of Mrs. Wallis served as an unconscious foil to set off her own fresh young loveliness.

Mr. Allston's face brightened as he entered the room a few minutes after the little ormolu timepiece on the mantle had struck 8.

"You are looking well, Lilian," he said, with something of the conscious pride of proprietorship.

Lilian bit her lip.

"You did not stop to think about my looks when I really needed your escort this evening," she said a little coldly.

He looked at her in astonishment.

"I don't know what you mean, Lilian?"

"Were you not on Sixth avenue this evening, between 6 and 7?"

"No; I was not."

Miss Graham's cheeks flushed.

"Mr. Allston, I can hardly discredit the evidence of my own senses! I certainly saw you, and so did Mrs. Wallis!"

He looked pained, but offered no further explanation of the mystery.

"Are you ready for the concert?" he asked.

"I have changed my mind," she said briefly. "I don't want to go!"

"Lilian!"

"The truth is," she said rising to her feet, and playing with the gold which was looped around her neck, "I do not care to go out with a gentleman who sees fit to repose so little confidence in me!"

Mr. Allston bowed his submission to her fiat.

"Very well," he said, quietly. "I cannot, of course, dispute your decision. I wish you a very good evening."

But little Lilian found the hours by the domestic fireside a little dull after the departure of her offended preux chevalier.

"I wish I hadn't been so cross with him," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders remorsefully. "Effie, let's ask papa to take us to the opera; we shall be in time for the last two acts."

"Just as you choose," said Effie Wallis, who was not unaccustomed to the sudden caprices of her pretty little cousin's mind.

The Opera House was crowded, and the party with difficulty found seats at the back of the dress circle—but Lilian was hardly seated before she pressed her cousin's arm.

"Effie, look there—in the parquet—close to the orchestra stalls!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Wallis, I see—it is Mr. Allston; but that's no reason you should pinch me black and blue! I suppose a man has a right to come to the opera if he chooses!"

"I hope he won't see us," said Lilian, in a tone that might easily have been interpreted as directly contrary to her words.

"He can't, unless he has eyes in the back of his head," said Mrs. Wallis. "Do keep still, and let me hear Santrello sing this delicious solo!"

Lilian was delighted when she met Mr. Allston the next morning on Broadway.

"I hope you enjoyed yourself last night," she said, demurely.

"I can't say that I did, particularly," he answered, with a smile. "I spent the evening at home, over my books, and retired very early."

"I beg your pardon," said Lilian, "you were at the opera, for I saw you there!"

"At what opera?"

"Fra Diavolo!"

"You are mistaken, Lilian."

"I am not mistaken," she answered, positively. "I saw you there, and Effie did, also. Where's the use of trying to deceive me so?"

He colored, and for an instant looked as if he would have spoken hastily; the next moment, however, the cold, quiet look came on his countenance.

"I am not trying to deceive you, Lilian; but there are some things which I can not tell you!"

"Engaged people should never have mysteries from each other," she answered, indignantly.

"The mystery is not mine Lilian!"

"As you choose," she retorted; "but I do not choose to be the butt of your practical jokes any longer. Please to consider our engagement at an end!"

"Lilian, do you mean what you say?"

"Certainly I do!"

She drew the glittering engagement ring from her finger and tossed it towards him, but he, standing with folded arms, made no effort to catch it, and it rolled down into the gutter. And thus they parted, these two, who had been affianced lovers so long!

The weeks passed by—bleak March softened into violet-eyed April, and, somewhat to Lilian's disappointment, perhaps, Meredith Allston made no further effort to see her. She grew pale and heavy-eyed, but she would have died ere she would have sent to her lover, saying, "I have been wrong—come to me once more!"

For Lilian Graham persisted in believing that Meredith alone had been in the wrong.

She sat at the head of her father's dinner table one evening mechanically devoting herself to the duties of hospitality, when a well known name sounded in her ear.

"Allston," said one, a pussy looking old gentleman, who was eating a great deal of lobster salad. "Yes, I saw the notice of the death in the morning paper. It's one of the Allston of Gramercy Gardens—Meredith Allston's cousin. He was hopelessly insane, and no one ever saw him until of late years, when the old gentleman insisted on having him at home. He didn't believe in asylums, he said; but he was so sensitive on the subject he never allowed any one to know the poor young man was at his house. A fine looking young fellow, too; they say he looked very much like Meredith. Got loose one night, I believe, and paraded about town, behaving so well that people mistook him for his cousin—ha, ha, ha!"

And the old gentleman swallowed half a glass of champagne and turned very purple in the face.

Lilian listened, feeling as if she were in a dream!

This, then, was the secret of the strange misunderstanding which had parted herself and her affianced lover. The cruel secret which Meredith Allston was obliged to conceal—the mistaken identity of the two cousins had been at the bottom of her heart wreck! She could hardly sit through the tedious course of the formal dinner party, and rejoiced when the time came for herself and Mrs. Wallis to leave the table!

"Effie," she cried breathlessly, as soon as they were alone, "did you hear what Mr. Van Ness said?"

"Yes; isn't it a strange story?" her cousin assented. "What a relief it must be to the Allstons! But what are you going to do?"

"To send for Meredith at once!" Lilian answered promptly.

"And confess yourself to have been in the wrong?"

"Yes, certainly!"

Effie Wallis smiled and elevated her eyebrows.

"Then you have more moral courage than I have."

But Lilian's heart secretly urged her on, and she could not rest until she had summoned Meredith Allston to her presence.

He came somewhat surprised, yet not lacking in dignity.

"Meredith," she said softly, coming up to him, "will you forgive me? I have been wrong and hasty, but I love you still. I never knew until to-night of—of the cloud which overshadowed your household."

"I knew you were misunderstanding me, Lilian," he said calmly, "but my lips were sealed by a promise exacted by my father."

"Then you will forgive me?"

He smiled.

"It is easy to forgive those we love," he said gently.

"Meredith," she whispered, "do you love me as you once did?"

"My sentiments have undergone no change Lilian!"

The lover-like kiss he pressed upon her brow was the signal of a newer and more auspicious betrothal, whereof the mainspring was perfect love and trust.

Senator Anthony remembered his faithful friend Major Ben: Perley Poore by bequeathing to him the Charles Sumner silver tankard water pitcher and silver cup and the sum of $2,500.

The late De Witt C. Allen, of Washington, left a will containing only thirty-four words—enough to bequeath all his property to Mrs. Allen.

WOULD-BE ACTRESSES.

Queer Ideas of Certain Young Women.

From the New York Sun.

"When a young woman gets the idea into her head that she is cut out for an actress you can never convince her that she is mistaken," said a theatrical manager recently. "I have been in the business thirty-two years now, and have acted in the capacity of manager for five stars and a great many companies. In that time I have met scores of young women who were stage-struck. Eighteen out of every twenty have turned out to be flat and dismal failures, but every one of them had an excuse to offer for her non-success. As a rule, it is the poetic and sentimental side of an actress' life which catches young women. Then, too, the romantic fancies which are so much encouraged by indiscriminate novel reading, and the stories of such writers as Ouida tend to give them a false idea of the life they are actually obliged to lead. They say that a painter will sometimes look at the subject he is trying to put on canvas so long and so earnestly that the subject itself becomes imprinted on his mind, and when he looks at his painting he does not see what is actually daubed on the canvas, but sees the subject itself. That is the reason so many painters whine about the unappreciative public and the cruelty of the critics. The same thing is true of girls who are anxious to become actresses.

"You have heard girls relate 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night?' Yes. Then you will understand what I mean. You have seen a girl rise among a party of friends in a back parlor, strike a dramatic attitude and begin a poem. As she proceeds toward the climax you have heard the piteous shriek and yelp, the mouthing, gulping and gasping, and the final sigh. It is to you and everybody else in the room but her a silly bit of ranting. Do you know what it is to the girl? To her it is soul. You can never convince her that she is not giving the most stupendous elocutionary effect, and throwing a wealth of pathos and feeling into the lines.

"The same is true of a girl after she gets on the stage. People snicker at the bad acting of a poor actress, and never realize for a moment not only that she is doing her best, but that it is to her a great performance. She feels that she is as perfect as she can be in the lines, and hence she does not understand the indifference of the audience. I don't know of a better illustration of the perseverance which a woman will show in pushing herself before the public than that of a young woman who came on here last season from San Francisco. She is well known out there as a society woman, and is quite popular among the amateur actors. It is said that her people are well to do, and she has certainly spent a great deal of money of late. She decided to become a professional actress, and, with the usual modesty of such aspirants, made arrangements to begin her career at the top of the ladder. With all respect to her, and I esteem her very highly as a lady, it must be said that she possessed fewer advantages in a personal way for the career of an emotional actress than any woman I ever saw. She was very thin and round-shouldered and extremely awkward. Her face was not only of a common-place type, but it was of such a character that it was utterly impossible to make it up so that it would look attractive from the front. When I tell you that she was also unable to dress becomingly, you will perhaps suspect that she lacked some of the elements that go to make a successful and popular actress. She had a series of costumes made for the role in which she was to make her debut here. Each one was more grotesque than the last. As I have said, she was fragile and light. The dress-maker constructed a series of costumes which would have been too big, too gaudy and too heavy for a woman fifty pounds heavier than she was. The actress came on here, hired a theater and made a debut. She had a good company to support her, and it is said that her experiment cost her family $5,000. She made an instantaneous and distinct failure. She played Julia, Pauline and one or two other standard romantic characters. She proved conclusively that she couldn't act at all."

"Did she give up the stage and go back to San Francisco?"

"Not a bit of it. She insisted that every one of her audiences for a week in New York, that every circle in the city, and that every candid man whose advice she asked was leagued against her. She stuck to the stage. She is at it yet. About a week ago I saw a dispatch in one of the dramatic papers which told of the hard treatment she had been subjected to in one of the small towns in the interior of the state, where she was traveling about with a small company of her own. The audiences were very rude. The fact is, they almost mobbed her. All this is discouraging, but it will have no effect on the young woman. She will probably keep on acting forever.

"There are hundreds of women whose careers on the stage are very similar to this, except that they do not have the money to provide a company of their own. They appear as stars for one consecutive night, and are then forced to take any sort of a place that offers in a traveling company. Half the girls who are now playing servants' parts in small theaters or dancing about in variety shows began their careers as Juliet or Julia."

Mr. P. B. Alsobrook, a wealthy and extensive orange farmer of Orange Bend, Fla., heard in his far-off Southern home of Mrs. Hattie E. Gordon, a charming young widow of Ringgold, Ga., and he went to see her, and, when they met he was so charmed with her that he determined, if possible, to make her his wife. A brief courtship proved successful, and they were married Thursday last, and took the next train for Macon and other Southern cities, en route to the home of the groom in the land of flowers."

W. S. Vent Wm. Leib.

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HUNTING FOR H----.

N. Y. Sun.

This is O'Flannigan's account of it as he told it to me. I have made no alterations, being unwilling to take any responsibilities upon myself in a matter of such importance. Said he:

"There are more fools in the world than you would think for. When our geographical society met last we found that we had got hold of one. This was the new member. So I just set it down as a maxim, then, that if fools can work their way into even a geographical society, there isn't any place that's safe against them. However, that's neither here nor there; I simply mention it in passing; it hasn't anything to do with what I started out to tell you about.

"Well, as I was saying before, I was loaded up solid with my sublime project. I was a festering volcano of excitement. It was as much as I could do to hold in till my turn should come. And when it did come, at last, I was in such a state that I could only pant it out in broken phrase, with gaspings for breath between. It made an immense stir. It was received with prodigious favor. The end of every sentence was drowned in applause. I closed by stating:

"'So, gentlemen, my project, in a word, is to send out a discovery expedition to search for a new and direct road to Hall.' I pronounced it hall, out of deference to the society, all the members being religious; but you can pronounce it your own way.

"I sat down amid a storm of applause which lasted several minutes, during which my hand was wrung by throng after throng of geographers, who said my idea was the grandest one of the age, and would make my name immortal.

"Quiet was hardly restored when the new member spoke up and said:

"'But who wants to go to Hall? He pronounced it the old way.

"It was a most strange question. Members glanced at each other in a surprised and somewhat affronted way, and said nothing. Then the new member spoke up again:

"'Nobody wants to go to Hall; nobody wants to travel any road to Hall; so where in the nation is the use in hunting up a new one?'

"After an awkward pause, the president said, with a cold and cruel blandness of tone and manner:

"'It is evident that our new acquisition is not familar with the ways of geographical societies. If he will reflect a moment, it may occur to him that his question need be changed in words only, not in sense, to read, "Where is the use in searching for the Northwest passage?"'

"It was an awful shot. I pitied the poor ass with all my heart; and I could see that others did, too, though naturally we couldn't help enjoying the annihilating completeness of the presidents retort. But what do you think? It never phazed the new member at all. He didn't know he was hit—he actually didn't. No, he looked up as sweet and innocent as the child unborn, and says:

"'In my day I have wanted to ask that very question as much as upward to 500,000 times.'

"If he didn't say it, I wish I may never stir. And he didn't stop there, either, but goes right on as calm as anything and says:

"'What do you want of a Northwest passage, anyway, after you've got it? Do you calculate that anybody's going to use it?'

"'Use it? says the president, who saw that sarcasm was wanted on this numbskull, and didn't propose to throw away any more of it on him. 'No, we don't expect anybody to use it. There would be no occasion to use it anyway, because the old routes are far better and quicker and easier. And besides nobody could use it, for the reason that from the nature of the climate and the shortness of the season it is simply nonusable.'

"'Well, then,' says the new member, as calm as that door-nob there, 'what do you want it for?'

"'Want it for?' snaps the president, rather hotly. 'We don't want it, we only want to find it.'

"'Well, that is odd,' says the new member. 'I don't seem to get your idea, somehow. What do you want to find it for, if you don't want it after you've found it? As I understand it, England and America and other countries have been hunting for it for fifty years, and they've spent about $35,000,000 and got no end of ships mashed up in the ice, and no end of men frozen to death, and scurvied to death, and starved to death, and so on, and buried around here and there on a lot of skinned rocks in the Arctic ocean—and that's all that's been accomplished; and it appears to me it's a big price to pay and a long ways to go just to start an international graveyard. Yes, and as I said before, the thing that is too many for me is, what do you want to find that Northwest passage for, if you dont want it after you've found it?'

"My friend," says the president, pretty fiercely, 'if you knew anything about geographical societies, you wouldn't ask so foolish and irrelevant a question. Geographical societies do not trouble themselves to hunt for things that are wanted—everybody does that; there is no occasion to gather together a learned and expensive organization for such a purpose. It is the distinct and peculiar province of a geographical society to hunt for things that are not wanted. We do not seek them out because they are needed, but simply to prove that they are there."

"It's a big thing," says the new member, sardonically, and moved off and pretended to interest himself in our new chart, wherein the search for the Holy Grail, the crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, and the search for the northwest passage are ingeniously contrasted.'

"The society now settled down to business, and asked me for the details of my project. I said that, to begin with, exhaustive study and investigation had convinced me that Hall was not located within the body of our globe; hence I inferred that it must be above us somewhere—doubtless in some part of the empty space between us and the stars. Continuing, I said:

"'I propose to employ balloons inflated with pure oxygen. I would not send a fleet of balloons, but simply one at a time. I shall desire the society to petition congress for an appropriation of $250,000 for the equipment and expenses of each of ten baloons. I would start the first one up, say, about the beginning of the coming summer. I would start up the second to hunt for the first, say, about a year later. After an interval of a year more, I would start up the third to hunt for the other two, and bring home buttons and other such relics of the crews as might be found. Every year thereafter I would send up a fresh balloon to hunt for the previous balloons and carry relief to the survivors—that is gravestones and monuments and so on, to be set up where the birds and the comets might see them from time to time, and be reminded of the brave deeds of the departed martyrs to science. This method, you see, is systematic; the very thing which all previous efforts of this kind have lacked was system. We have always waited till we knew an expedition was lost before we sent out another to hunt for it; whereas, since we knew it would get lost, the right and only wise course would have been to send out a procession of expeditions at brief and regular intervals, so that they could begin to hunt for each other without disastrous delays. Many spoons and jack knives and other valuable relics have been irretrievably lost to science because the search expeditions waited so long that these things got snowed up meantime, or were captured by the natives and bartered off for blubber. Now, under my system, nothing of the kind will happen. The balloons will follow each other at short and measured intervals, and the work of hunting for each other, and gravestoning each other and gathering up each other's remains, will begin right away, as you may say. And by keeping this sort of thing up right along and briskly there is not a question that sooner or later one or another of these balloons will find Hall—and collapse into it, and stay there, too. And the whole honor of it will belong to this geographical society, this great nation and congress.'

"The applause which greeted me when I sat down was something marvelous. I felt that the next most glorious thing to going to Hall under my system was to have originated the way. It was at this point that the new member meandered up to the front and made that little speech that I said I was going to tell you about, you know. Said he:

"'Gentlemen, I wish to resign. If it was your idea to hunt up a cheaper and softer Northwest passage to Paradise, you could count me in every time. But I don't want any of this present project in mine. Now, mind, I tell you. I think that a geographical society that lays out to take all this trouble and spend all this money to find that other place is harnessing itself to a mighty unnecessary contract. For just this reason: It won't benefit the general public, for they don't want to go there. and, moreover, they don't even wish to know where it is; and as for the geographical societies, they don't need to worry, for if they will sit still and keep cool they will land there all in good time and plenty soon enough.'

"Whereupon we fired him out."

Manners of the Moors.

Tangier Letter to Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Absolutely barbaric in their habits, the 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 of inhabitants—a census was never taken—can not be said, however, to be entirely deprived of a certain kind of civilization. But this civilization is diametrically opposed to our own. After having carefully observed their habits and modes of life, I can readily understand why you could easier make a Chinaman or an Indian accept our civilization than a Moor. I will quote but a few instances in my daily life. To honor a person the European arises and removes his hat; the Mussulman remains seated with his head covered. When entering a place of worship, or a house, instead of removing his hat, the Mussulman takes off his shoes and leaves them outside the door. We consider the right side as the place of honor; the Moor the left. When inviting a friend to enter his house the Moor steps in first and lets his guest follow him. Kissing the hand is a sign of respect with us; the Moor when saluting kisses his own hand. It would not be very dignified for a European King to carry an open umbrella when in Kingly attire; in Morocco the umbrella is the emblem of imperial majesty, and no one else is permitted to carry one. All this is only a matter of custom. There are many habits, however, which would never be brought to correspond with our own. I hardly need mention polygamy, the secrecy with which females are surrounded and hidden from view, nor the existing slavery, which can not be stopped. We take our meals by daylight and sleep at night; in the month of the Ramadam, the great religious, and I may social, festival of the Mohammedans, they partake not of a drop of water or a morsel of food in daylight. They take their meals at night and spend the night in extravagant feasts and orgies. We undress for our night's rest; the Mohammedan sleeps in his daily dress. His day of rest is Friday instead of Sunday. We write from the left to the right; he writes from right to left. We begin to read a book on the first page; his first page is our last. In short, I believe those two civilizations have actually nothing in common.

Some Bavarian brewers have been made to understand that the Government does not mean that beer, the people's beverage, shall be adulterated with impunity. Thirty-three brewers have lately been condemned to pay fines ranging from $50 to $950, and three others were sent to jail for eight months.

THE HOME CIRCLE AND FARM.

For the Cook.

PICKLED GRAPES.—Fill a jar with alternate layers of small bunches of grapes and sugar (the sugar should be simply sprinkled over the grapes), and fill up with cider vinegar, not too strong. Catawbas are best for this pickle.

EXCELLENT CORN-STARCH CAKE.—Three cups of sugar, one of butter, one of milk, three of flour, one of cornstarch, whites of 12 eggs beaten stiff, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, dissolve the starch in the milk, add then the flour and whites. The powder should be sifted with the flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

BREAD FRITTERS.—Soak stale bread in good, rich buttermilk, mash all up smooth, then add a little salt, and flour enough to make a good batter, quite stiff; lastly add two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in hot water. Fry as for common fritters.

TO COOK ANY FRESH FISH.—Split, season with salt and a little cayenne, heat the gridiron, butter the bars, and lay the fish on it flesh down, and broil over a bright fire. When cooked, place on a hot platter; mix together a teaspoonful of minced parsley, the juice of half a lemon, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Spread this over the fish, put in the oven long enough to allow the butter to penetrate the fish.

SWEET POTATOES.—Boil until almost tender, and remove skins. Make a batter with a little milk, and a beaten egg thickened with flour and seasoned with pepper and salt. Cut the potatoes into rather thick slices, dip in this batter, and brown on both sides in hot beef drippings. Nice with roast meat.

JELLY CAKE.—One large cup of flour, three eggs, one-half cup of milk, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream-of-tartar, pinch of salt. Bake in a long tin, spread the top of one-half the cake with jelly, and put the other half on top. This is quickly made and very good.

SLICED TOMATOES AND ONION PICKLES.—Slice one peck of green tomatoes and eight large onions; strew over them a coffee cup of salt, mix and let stand over-night. Next morning drain and put over the fire in a preserving kettle, with a quart of vinegar and two of water. When at boiling heat, simmer half an hour; drain, and cover with the following hot preparation: Take four quarts of vinegar, add to it two pounds of white sugar, half a pound of white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves, cinnamon, allspice and mustard. This mixture should boil 15 minutes before pouring over the pickle.

Care of the Hands.

Every lady of refinement desires to have soft, white hands. To secure these is something of a problem to the thrifty housekeeper who is proud of doing her own work and doing it well. It should be remembered that perfect cleanliness is the first step toward beauty in the hands or anything else. Every lady should immediately wash her hands thoroughly after doing any piece of work that soils them. Dirt should never be allowed to dry upon the skin or get rubbed into its surface. A bowl of wheat bran, or corn meal should stand beside the soap dish in the kitchen sink. A small quantity thoroughly rubbed over the hands while wet helps to whiten and soften them. Rubber gloves are also an excellent protection while washing dishes and doing similar work. Concerning the farther beautifying of the hands Frances Stevens has the following to say in the Domestic Monthly:

The time to "form the hand," we are told, is in youth. Any mother may give her daughter tapering fingers if she chooses to take the trouble; if she insists that there shall be a daily pinching of the finger tips, slight, of course, while the flesh is soft and yielding, and a nightly wearing of steel thimbles. The latter is rather heroic treatment, and possibly to save us from this barbarous torture, have been introduced in this country all the artistic devices of the Parisian manicure, in the management, development, and cultivation of the fingers and nails. Americans should not allow the French to excel them in in any art indicative of cleanliness, taste, or refinement; and for what reason, then, should the finger nails not receive as much attention as the teeth.

If you are obliged to have your hands in water a great deal and they feel uncomfortable after it, rub them all over with oil. A very little salad oil, or even a little lard with a drop of perfume in it, will relieve your discomfort.

A Chapter on the Newly Married.

After the honeymoon is over, in which each lives in the seventh heaven of bliss, and is blind to all outward surroundings, there comes a day when the more matter-of-fact duties begin, and they settle down to the realities of life. The habits, the manners, and the tempers are things that neither knows anything about in the other, und that which was concealed in an engagement for months is quickly revealed in the close relationship of married life. Some little habit that the bachelor or maiden has formed rasps to rawness the nerves of the other, and the determination on either side to break the other of the fault only chafes and frets both without attaining the object. He thinks that home life should fill every thought. She thinks a little society and gayety would be preferable. He is tired when he comes home at night—tired of seeing people, tired of talking to them; he has been in a whirl all day. She has moped by herself through the same long hours in the "love of a cottage" that seemed so poetical to talk about, or has spent a dreary time, solitary and alone, through a cheerless winter day in her room at their boarding-house, and is only kept from downright rebellion by the thought that when Charley comes home they will go to the theater or to see "ma." Then there is disappointment on both sides. She thinks he is "real mean" because he does not endorse her plans, and he thinks she is downright silly to wish to leave such a cosy fireside, and such a comfortable little home place for any other spot on earth.

She has always found her "I wills" and "I won'ts" the law and the gospel, and ten chances to one Charley yields to her imperial highness, and is ever after a henpecked husband. But if that same Charley is wise, and can convince his "little wife" without wounding her, he has forever won, not only her heart, but her judgment; and she looks up to him and respects him for his firmness.

It is very seldom the case that the first months of married life are the happiest, and it takes a big stock of love and good sense to launch a couple over the breakers into smooth, open, matrimonial sea. The faults that are discovered, the weaknesses that are shown, the foibles that are betrayed, can only be met with forbearance. If a pair's hope for a blissful future is realized then every after year confirms their oneness of heart, of sympathy and any couple of this kind, long married, will tell you they are happier after all these years than they were the day they were married.

Thoughtfulness.

It was delightful to hear some one say, not long ago, that she did not think she had any right to spend two hours at a time with a friend, without a special invitation, since it could not fail to be an interruption; and it was pleasant to think that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guest, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an admittance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa, another puts down her book with a sigh, another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes must be written at some time during that evening, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation with a brave excuse, It may be 8 o'clock when the guest comes; it may be 9, and he may be kind hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays till after 10; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt sure of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said and done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to stay longer, or to come again soon, when he took his leave. There is no greater compliment and tribute to our friends than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes longer. Of course we treat each other civilly in an evening visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon than to stay too late. In a busy, overworked, and over-hurried city life especially, nothing is so precious as a quiet evening to one's self, or even a part of one. We all wish—or ought to wish—to make life pleasant to ourselves and other people, and are ready to be generous even with our time; but no one likes to be plundered and defrauded. It is the underlying principle of our neighbor's action and conduct toward us which makes us thankful or resentful when he or she comes to visit us.—Household Words.

Agricultural Items.

A writer in the American Agriculturist makes the following estimate of the cost of starting a sheep ranch in the Northwest: One thousand sheep, at $2, $2,000; twenty pure merino rams, $500; expenses. first year, for two herders and other help, $1,000; horses, wagon, etc., $500; reserve fund, $500. The probable income and increase is 3,500 pounds of wool, $700; and 700 lambs.

Solomon Bartlett, of Suaapeo, N. H., has a cow, half Devon and half Durham, that dropped a calf four months and twenty days ago. The calf never sucked, and it now weighs 380 pounds. Mr. Bartlett has made from the cow during this time 138 pounds of butter; about one pound per day, besides bringing up the calf to its present weight. It is a heifer calf, and handsome as a picture.

Mr. J. S. Macomber in poultry notes to the Western Rural, says after testing them many years he finds Plymouth Rocks preferable to any other breed for general purposes; thinks it a disadvantage to keep feed constantly before fowls; "give what they will eat up clean and no more"; and reports very unfavorable results from acting upon the oft suggested idea of setting hens on sod nests and moistening the eggs for hatching.

Go through the corn-field and take the first steps towards insuring the best seed. Select plants that do not sucker; the lowest-growing, earliest-maturing. Select those which bear the ears lowest. Tie about such plants long strips of old calico, or something of the kind just as conspicuous. The corn is cut and shocked. When husked all the ears upon marked stalks should be thrown together, and the best ears only retained for seed.

Lettuce, says the Lancet, is a neglected vegetable, although it constitutes a prominent ingredient in every good salad. At one time the lettuce was supposed to possess soporific properties, but of late years it has, perhaps too hastily, been disestablished as a drug in the repertory of the therapeutist. Some are now strongly insisting that lettuce should be used more generally as food, and suggesting that the leaves ought to be boiled, after which treatment they are said to be as palatable as spinach. If this be the fact it is worth knowing, as spinach is necessarily excluded from the diet of the oxaluric patient, and it is precisely in this class of cases the soothing properties of the lettuce, if it have any, would be valuable.

At the American Cranberry Growers' Annual Convention at Lakewood, N. J., on August 26, the Statistician stated that reports from all the cranberry-growing sections indicate an aggregate crop of 380,000 bushels, against nearly 400,000 bushels in 1883. The shortage is due to the frosts on May 29-30, which severely injured the crop in New Jersey, New England and Wisconsin. It appears that in New York and Philadelphia crates holding 28 quarts bring as much money as the standard crate of 32 quarts. A recent law in Massachusetts requires all packages to be branded with the words, "Massachusetts Standard Measure," which requires that a barrel shall hold 100 quarts, and a crate 32 quarts, level measure, under a penalty of $2 for each violation.

The Poultry Monthly says that when the snow lies deep on the ground a place should be cleaned in front of the fowl house and make paths to some sunny and sheltry spots where they can bask and enjoy themselves during the warmer hours of the day. Some straw or leaves to stand on would be advisible while sunning, for if their feet are cold from the frozen ground they will not exercise themselves, but will squat down and remain listless and uncomfortable. It is in the power of every poultryman to make his fowls more cheerful and comfortable when they venture out on the snow by fixing some shelter closed at the sides, the front opening to the south, where they can go sunny days. Any kind of a lean-to where leaves and rubbish could be strewn to give them exercise, and where the air is pure, will answer the purpose admirably well.

The Manipulation of Bees.

At the Pennsylvania state fair the other day the bee tent was the scene of a remarkable entertainment. Professor Arthur Todd, of the Wissahickon Apiary, gave an exhibition of the method in which bees are manipulated. Quite unprotected by head net or gloves he opened a box hive full of bees, took out each comb separately, and transferred it to a new hive. He carefully sliced off the covering of the cells, and, placing the comb in its extractor, emptied them of their sweet contents. He sought among the crowded colony for the queen bee, and having caught her, showed her to his audience who were safely standing outside his gauze tent. He then deposited her in a little wire cage made expressly for her, introduced her to her friends, and when she had issued her commands for their attendance at her new home he put her into the handsomely furnished hive which he had prepared for her reception. Mr. Todd handled the little insects as if he were ignorant of the fact that they all carried a very ugly weapon, and he appeared to be on terms of affection with them all. They crawled over the bald part of his head, they swarmed on his hands and arms, and they got in his beard, but they seemed to think it was all play, and he appeared to enjoy the fun. The astonished visitors looked on with mute admiration. In the gauze tent with Mr. Todd were Mrs. Louisa Thomas of Tacony, one of the earliest practical bee keepers in this country; Mrs. Foote of New Haven; Dr. Townsend, president of the Philadelphia Bee Keepers' association; John Schallcross of Frankford; and John Pyewell, an enthusiastic bee keeper from Bridgeport, Pa.

Recognizing a Good Cow.

I like a thrifty calf, with a good sized head, which is narrow and long, broad in the muzzle and between the eyes, and narrow between the horns. I do not care if the limbs are "strong," as they say in Jersey, and perhaps coarse, but they must be straight; and the tail may be even quite coarse at its setting—this indicates constitution. Then from the withers to the hips there should be a straight upward slope, so marked that if you see the front half of the calf, you will think she is a small one, while if you see only the hind quarter and loin, you will think her very large. In fact, in point of symmetry, the front and hind quarters ought not to match, and the latter should be by far the larger. I prefer long-bodied, open-ribbed, flat-sided, deep-bodied calves. The skin should be loose and flexible all over the body, so that one can grasp a handful almost anywhere. The coat must either be long and silky, a little rough perhaps, but not harsh, or it should be soft and furry. With all this, you should find the teats of good size, well spread, and all the skin about them, before and behind—that which will cover the udder—loose, soft, and elastic, showing as the Scotch say, "plenty of leather." Such a calf will make a good milker if she is bred at a year to fifteen months old, and after her first calf goes farrow (but not long dry), for a year, or nearly that time, to give her a chance to grow. I say nothing about the escutcheon, because I do not know very much about it, and do not believe in half that is said and written about it. Still I must say I would prefer a good broad, well-winged escutcheon, of the Flanderine type, for if the escutcheon shows anything, it indicates staying power, which is perhaps the greatest merit, a cow can have. Many a twelve or fourteen-quart cow will beat a twenty-quart one in the long run, especially in her butter record, the true test of a cow's value.—Corr. American Agriculturist.

Remarkable Yield.

New York correspondent Country Gentleman.

I beg to call your attention to what I consider the most wonderful performance known, which I had the pleasure of witnessing at the fine stock yard of Dr. W. A. Conover, Hackettstown, N. J., the home of the Sir Charles and Mary Lowndes family. Having occasion to visit the farm June 21, the Doctor showed me a heifer called Countess Lowndes 26,874, sired by Babylon 4,723, dam Fanny 3d 7,127; she was dropped March 2, 1882, and dropped her first calf (a heifer) the first part of June, 1884. She is solid in color, not large, but of perfect form; her udder is grand. He showed me also the result of three days churning, the last of which I saw churned and weighed myself. The result of the three days was seven and one-half pounds of worked unsalted butter. The heifer was fed on grass only. I also witnessed the milking of the heifer June 21, and weighed her milk, which turned the scale at nineteen pounds; after which her udder was in perfect condition, as soft and fine as a kid glove. The above test was made during some of the hottest days of the season (June 18 to 20) with the thermometer in the nineties. Does not this top all teste yet made of so young an animal?

Cost of Guns and Gunning.

Philadelphia Press.

"What does a shooting outfit cost?'

"I can sell you an excellent plain steel double-barreled breech-loader for $15. Here is one. It looks well, but it has no gilding or ivory about it. It is a ten bore, and will last you as long as a gun costing $375, and there is great comfort in the fact that if you injure it, lose it in a swamp, or leave it out all night in a leaky wood-shed, there will not be much loss involved in the transaction."

"How about ammunition?"

"That comes a little expensive, but still the sportsman who hasn't much money can have a good time on a small sum. Loaded cartridges that would be suitable for this $15 gun cost from $3.50 to $4 a hundred, according to the grade of powder. It would be a poor sportsman who couldn't get $4 worth of birds out of 100 shots, so the ammunition part of it ought to be at least self-supporting. For $2.50 a set of tools for reloading the shells can be got, and by using it they can be refilled at $2.75 to $3 a hundred."

"Are breech-loaders the only kind of guns sold?"

"Not by any means. Lots of grangers and backwoodsman won't have anything to do with so new-fangled an idea. They stick to the muzzle-loader, with its dozen different kinds of perils."

"What is the safest kind of a gun?"

The hammerless breech-loader. It is superseding everything. There are, of course, many different kinds, but the principle is the same. There is no hammer projecting from the gun and, consequently, no risk of it being caught in your coat or in a bramble and causing a premature discharge. The triggers are protected too, for there is a sort of brake which you apply when you're not going to shoot. Guns like that, handsomely mounted, cost from $125 up. They save time and trouble, for they are self-cocking. Winchester rifles are as low as $18.75 and as high as you choose to pay. Remingtons are from $20 up, Ballards the same price and Frank Wessons from $25. They are used in this part of the country for small game.

"They are making more ammunition in this country than they did. That big show case over there is a display of Eley's, the London cartridge manufacturer, which was shown at the centennial. At that time American cartridges were not equal to what they are now. Large quantities are turned out by the gun makers of New England. The English wads and caps still prevail, however.

Taming Lions With Electricity.

The latest application of electricity is an invention made in the interests of lion tamers which consists of an apparatus of great power, shaped like a stick, about three feet and a half in length. M. Rauspach, the inventor, is a lion tamer himself, who has been "a good deal worried" during a long and successful professional career. He has already experimented with it upon the denizens of the cages in his managerie, and relates the different effects upon the brutes. Three of his lions receiving the shock immediately showed signs of the greatest terror. They were seized with trembling and growled fitfully. The tiger was more quickly subdued, became stupified, and crouched in a corner of the cage. Bruin was more refractory to electricity, which seemed scarcely to effect him. He would growl and show his teeth, and was subdued after repeated discharges.

The most astonishing effects, however, were perceptible in the boa constrictor. On receiving the discharge, the specimen from Cayenne, nearly twenty feet in length, became at once paralyzed, and remained motionless for six hours afterward. When he recovered, he showed signs of numbness for three whole days. Finally, the elephant, on being electrified by a touch of the stick upon the tip of his trunk set up a series of wild cries, and became so strange that the tamer feared the brute would break his heavy iron chain. M. Rauspach is said to intend addressing a paper upon the experiments to the academy of Sciences.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Deal in Futures.

Chicago News. "Yes, my dear, you shall have a new fall bonnet, a brocaded satin gown, a——" "Oh, George, what has happened?" "Nothing has happened, but everything is going to happen, my dear." "Dear, dear, what is it?" "Now, be calm, my dear, perfectly calm. Not a word to a soul about it. I have bought 10,000,000 fire-crackers short." "What do you mean?" "I mean that John Rear has contracted to deliver to me next June 10,000,000 fire-crackers, at this year's price." "But ——" "No, of course, you're a woman; of course, you don't see millions of dollars pouring into my pockets. You probably don't even know that China is at war with France, and will turn all her fire-cracker factories to making cartridges. I presume you don't see the point even now?"

IN HONOR BOUND.

Helen W. Pierson, in Frank Leslie's.

An hour ago the tide of battle rolled through the valley, and the ranks "were soiled in vapor and the winds were loud with sound." Now the French are in full retreat, and the foe following them as best they can. A young man hurrying along the dusty road stops suddenly, hearing a shot whiz by him. He turns in time to see two men fall heavily in the white dust. Then a faint voice calls out:

"He is dead, Gaston! Wait—I——"

The voice ceased, but Gaston La Farge knew it well, and his heart seemed suddenly to stop beating as he heard it. He sprang back to the side of the fallen man, who opened his weary eyes as Gaston clasped his hand.

"Is it possible, Rafe?"

"Yes," said the wounded man. "I was just in time, dear old boy. He would have picked you off in another second."

"And you saved me?"

"So, we are even now. You know when you plunged into the Seine for me the day I took a cramp in the water. We were only boys then, but I never—I never——" and the speaker fainted away.

Gaston lifted him from the dust, and, with much exertion, bore him for some distance down the green lane. He thought there must be a stream near by a line of dense verdure that he saw in the waning light. He found the water, and brought it in his cap to bathe the wound. Then he took out a pocket-flask and forced some drops of brandy between the set teeth. With a shuddering sigh, Rafe opened his eyes.

"Oh, you have brought me back. I was with Claire," he murmured. "Poor Claire! she will be sorry. You must tell her."

"Tell her?" exclaimed Gaston.

"How I died," faltered the other.

"No! no! You are not going to die!" cried Gaston, aghast at the thought. "Let me go and find a surgeon. How could I live and know that you died for me? Why did you risk your life in this way? You have a young wife waiting for you."

"And you have a mother?" murmured Rafe. "We cannot weigh such things. Perhaps if I had thought of Claire it would have made a coward of me. You never saw her, Gaston, or you would know she is one for whom a man might barter his soul. You were off with your regiment, dear old boy, or you would have been best-man, you know."

"I know," said Gaston, half choked by his emotions, and still bathing the brow of his friend. It seemed to grow colder and colder, and the temples throbbed in slow beats irregularly.

"You must not leave me," Rafe went on, clutching his friend's hand. "I have something to say to you. Ah, what is it?" he said, with a shudder, pointing to an apparition that seemed to stand up a few yards off. "There is some one listening!"

Gaston peered eagerly through the gloaming light, and saw a strange figure that shone forth with a gostly gleam in the shadows. It wore no uniform or clothing of any earthly fashion. The arms were extended and bare. The limbs, straight and rigid, did not touch the ground, and upon the white brow rested the semblance of a kingly crown. In an instant the truth flashed upon him. It was a wayside shrine. The white presence was a carven image of the Man of Sorrows. The shadowy crown was one of thorns.

Dear Rafe, he whispered, it is no human ear that listens. It is Christ on the cross, don't you know, like the one near your home at Meudon, where we swore eternal friendship to each other before we went to college. You have kept your oath—oh, too well, my dear boy."

"Take me there, move me there, in the shadow of the cross," he faltered. "Now I want you to swear something to me, and you must keep your vow as I have kept mine."

Gaston said no word, but once more raised his friend in his arms. He felt his heart beating like a muffled drum but it seemed to stop suddenly as he put him down at the very foot of the rudely-cut cross. In the gloaming the Christ above them seemed to be extending His arms to bless them. Once more a few drops of brandy brought the color back to Rafe's face. He cast an upward glance at the cross and murmured, "He hears us!"

"Don't think it delirium," he said; "I have my senses yet. I know they will slip away from me in a little while into utter darkness, so I must make haste. You must listen. You must promise to do what I shall say—all—all. Do you swear it?"

"Of course," answered Gaston, eagerly; "you could not ask anything of me that I would not do. But you will live to do all for yourself."

"No; they say it is given to mortals to know when the supreme hour approaches, and I can not be deceived!" Rafe said. "So you will promise?"

"Yes."

"You will swear by it—by the Christ upon the cross?"

"If that will make my oath stronger, I will swear it!" exclaimed Gaston.

The wounded man paused a moment, and his breath came hard. Then a new strength came to him. The blood kindled in his veins, the pulses of life beat fuller and higher, and something of the old fire came into his eyes. "Such brightness dying suns diffuse." Gaston took heart from the change. All might be well yet.

Rafe began talking hurriedly.

"I've never told you much of her. I could not speak of the insane passion I feel for her. You would not understand. She does not understand it herself. I have never been able to reach the depths of her nature. She thinks she loves me, poor child! But now I can not die with the thought that another will ever have my place; that some one else may win her as I never won her, may know how she can love—take such kisses from her lips as I have found there! Oh——"

"Why vex yourself with these thoughts?" interrupted Gaston.

"Because I could not be happy even among the blest in heaven if I knew it," cried Rafe with a passionate strength, "and I would know it. The knowledge would penetrate through all the countless leagues of space, and reach my soul whether I was in bliss or torture. Tell Claire all this. Let her say no prayers for the peace of my soul if she dares to think of another. And you, you have sworn you did not know what I wanted you to do, but you have sworn it by the white Christ above us!"

Gaston feared that his friend's reason was tottering, for these last words were in a wild and threatening tone. He fell a strange sort of chill creeping into his blood, as he said:

"Yes, I have sworn."

"You will tell Claire all, and if she ever thinks of marrying another you will prevent it."

"I will do all I can," murmured Gaston, with a shudder.

"You must prevent it!" echoed Rafe.

"But how?"

Rafe murmured something unintelligible. Grafton bent down his ear to hear him speak. These words came to him clear, low and distinct:

"If there is no other way, you must kill the man!"

Gaston started back with a cry.

"But that would be murder. I can not be an assassin!"

"You can make it a duel," said Rafe, faintly. "You will do it for you have sworn."

Gaston fell back as if he had been struck by a blow; all his senses reeled. What madness was this to which he had pledged himself in such a solemn way? A moan from his friend aroused him.

"Quick!" gasped Rafe, as though he were wrestling with some unseen power that was hurrying him away; "there is no time to lose. Have I given my life for you, and you hesitate to risk anything for me, to give me peace in this dark hour? I leave my darling forever, and you, you are the cause. Speak! she must be mine in eternity. Speak!"

"I will keep the vow, said Gaston with a slow and painful utterance; "be at peace my friend."

A faint smile came to the lips of the dying man. A wan moon drifted out from a dim cloud and threw a pallid light upon his face. It showed the gray shadow of death settling there, and the infinite love and pity of the white Christ on the cross above him. Gaston buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

There was a riot of roses in that garden. The dusty, travel-stained man who made his way through them noticed how luxuriantly they had wandered about while he had been away. Twilight was coming on, but the roses made a glow in the green gloom. He heard a sound of gay voices, too, and a laugh so fresh and young and joyous that it made him start as if smitten with a sudden pain. He had not laughed since a certain night, when he had seen the dead body of his friend borne away. A turn in the path brings a gray-stone balcony in sight, and the next moment some one seated there starts with a cry of joy.

"Oh, my son! my son!"

His mother's arms are about him, and something like a tear touches his sunburnt cheek.

"Oh, Gaston, you look haggard and changed! You have lost your youth."

"Such scenes make men old, mother," said the young soldier. "Don't speak of the war just yet. I want to rest for a little to get courage for the task. I am so glad you are not alone. I heard voices and laughter."

"Yes, Merle is here," in a lower tone. "I know you don't like him, and he is really more insufferable than ever with his conceit; but he's full of fun, and the place was so lonely without you. Then I have a surprise for you. I know you loved Rafe, so I went over two or three weeks ago to see his wife. She's a pretty little thing, and seemed moped. I brought her here for a change. It has done her good, and she's as merry as a cricket. I'll call her; you can give her news of Rafe."

"His wife!" faltered Gaston, stunned at the news; "his wife here?"

"Of course; nothing more natural. We moaned our lot together. At least, I'm afraid I did the most of the moaning. She is not the moaning kind. She's like a day in June, all blossom and sunshine and song."

Gaston sat down on a rustic seat on the balcony, and his mother's voice sounded far off. He felt the weight of his mission upon him.

"But you need not see either of them till you are rested, poor boy," his mother said, eagerly, looking at the haggard face. And then she had the keen pleasure of waiting on her darling, making him eat, seeing him enjoy the old room of his boyhood, and telling him all about her life since he went.

"Now, I must go to Claire, she said; "it's selfish in me not to go and give her the good news. I suppose Rafe will soon be here. Why didn't you come together?"

A look of pain came into Gaston's face that made his mother cry out: "Why, he's not ill, is he?"

"No; he's well—better than any of us. He'll never be ill again. Oh, mother, he's dead! Dear old Rafe's gone, and I wish I had gone instead! He took my shot. He went in my place. How can I face his wife and tell her the story. She will hate me when she knows all!"

The tears came into Madame La Farge's eyes. "No Gaston, do not think so. It is terrible news, but Claire would not be so unjust as to regard you with dislike for it. Shall I tell her?"

No; I promised," exclaimed Gaston. "I must do all poor Rafe asked, since he gave his life for me!"

"Well, wait awhile. Don't be in a hurry with the evil tidings. Poor Claire is so happy, she does not feel a fear.

"So happy," said Gaston, "and her husband away, exposed to the peril of war!"

"She has not a deep nature, you know, but I won't tell you of her. I don't want to judge her. Only rest, my boy; you look too wan and miserable."

And Gaston was fain to throw himself back on the lounge and close his aching eyes. But he could not rest. He had a terrible task before him, and he spent the time in devising ways of telling his sad tidings. Once voices floated up to him. His cousin Merle's somewhat high pitched tones: "Fain would I climb, yet fear to fall."

"If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all," rang out in the fresh girlish voice. Looking out, he saw something pink, like a very large rose perched on the bough of a tree not far off.

"A hoyden," he thought with disgust, and somehow the sight made the task easier. He forgot all about the disgust when he was presented to the pretty slim girl, who looked so flower-like in her pale pink gown. Surely, whatever she did was the most fitting and proper to do. She moved, he thought, as if her motions were modulated to an unseen harmony. She had wine-dark eyes, that seemed to hold all the warmth and glow and sparkle of wine in their depths. Her dark hair was wound carelessly about her head, and a cluster of white daisies shone out like stars in the bronze coils. A great bunch of them was at her waist.

That was all Gaston noted as he began to talk to her. He saw a tide of crimson rush over her face, leaving it pallid as it ebbed away, and he knew that somehow he had told his tale. His mother was at hand to help, but Claire did not faint; she looked hurt, puzzled, as a child might from whom a cherished plaything had been taken. Tears came into her eyes, but no sudden storm of them. The grief did not shake her being to its center. She was shocked, sorry, but there was still a world of sunshine, and birds and flowers. This blow did not darken all the landscape of her life.

"She never loved him," said Gaston to himself, as he stood in his room alone that night.

And somehow strange to say, he did not feel sorry! He awoke next morning, still feeling low and miserable, and with so little interest in life that his mother summoned a physician. By his verdict he was dispatched to Trouville, and as soon as he was better he went into active service again until the war was ended. He sought the seaport once more to renew his strenght, and his mother wrote that she would meet him there.

"I shall bring Claire," she said; "not that she is drooping at all, for she has bloomed into newer and more glowing beauty since you saw her. I knew she was one who would not pine long. She wears white now, and looks more like a young bride than a bereaved widow. Ah, well, she was but 18 when the blow came, and life had not yet opened its bright possibilities for her. Sometimes I think that Merle—But I won't gossip."

Gaston read this letter on the gay Trouville beach; but for a moment the white sand, the bathers in their bright suits, the Japanese umbrella's that looked so much like green exotics stuck in the sand, all seemed to float away, and he saw the dim green lane, the pallid moonlight that fell on the face of the man who died for him, with the carven image of that other Friend who died for all mankind gleam in the white light above them!

"Oh, Rafe!—oh, my friend!" he moaned; "is the hour coming for the sacrifice? Why did I not warn her—tell her his dying words? It might have influenced her. I hope, I pray, it may not be to late!"

For Gaston had given the young widow no hint of her husband's dying agony, nor the love that gave the keenest sting to death. Merle, too! It could not be possible that Claire's heart was very deeply touched by that jackanapes. Surely, any feeling he had inspired would be light and easily overcome. He took courage from the thought. Perhaps Merle had been useful in keeping her safe from a more serious passion. Still, he grew more wretched, and his mother looked at him with anxiety as the days passed by.

"You must stay in the water too long," she said, anxiously. "I don't like your looks."

"Nor I," said Gaston, with a laugh; "I never did."

Claire stood regarding him with a puzzled air. She was bewitching in black lace and white roses.

"I think he's in love," said Merle, removing his silver head for this sapient remark. "Goes that way with some fellows. He looks off his feed."

Gaston did not feel his old impatience with his cousin. He had an infinite pity for everybody—for Claire first, for the silly moth who was singeing his wings at this new flame, but most of all for himself, who had been a sort of fate for them both. Claire watched him with curiosity, and with an inborn coquetry tried her power on him. His indifference baffled her, and she began to put heart into her work. One afternoon she happened upon him as he sat moodily in the shelter of a rock. She was alone, and with a throbbing heart he saw his opportunity.

"You look as gloomy as a November day!" she cried gayly.

"I am thinking of something very sad, something that haunts me," he said gravely.

"Oh, put it away; get away from it somehow!" she cried: "I always do."

"So I see," he answered, with a shade of bitterness in his tone.

"I know what you mean," she answered, with a mutinous air, "you are thinking of poor Rafe! Do you expect me to sit in dust and ashes all the rest of my life? I am too young. He would not have wished it."

"I have never dared to tell you his wishes," said Gaston.

"You did not?" she cried with an angry flush; "then you were a false friend!"

"I hope it is not yet too late," answered Gaston, with an effort, "and I have not made them harder for you by this delay."

"Well," impatiently, "I am waiting."

He looked at her with somber eyes. She was all in white—a charming picture of youth and hope and life. Must he dash this new cup of love from her hand and darken all her future? Oh, how gladly would he give her all the good gifts that life and love could offer.

"Speak!" she cried. "Are you afraid?"

"Yes; I am the veriest coward," he said, in a broken voice; but—I promised Rafe. You know his love for you. I vowed I would give you his dying words."

"It is too late now for dying words,' she said;" "but let me hear them."

"He said that he could not be happy in heaven if you should come to love another. He would know it; the knowledge would penetrate through all the leagues of space and reach his soul, whether he was in bliss or torment. And he made me swear by the Christ on the cross above us to do all I could to prevent you marrying any man."

"Great heaven!" cried Claire, in a sudden passion; "how cruel and selfish!"

Gaston was silent.

"Such vows should not be kept!" she cried. "Let us believe that he was raving. I can not think Rafe would be so intensely selfish as to wish me to spend my days in mourning. But if he did, it is impossible. I am too human," and she looked at Gaston with her gloomy eyes.

Gaston's heart failed him. He could not plead for his friend. "So," he said, "it is Merle!"

"No," she said it is not Merle!" Then, turning suddenly, she slipped on the wet sand.

The next moment his arms were about her, her head lay on his breast, and he was saying softly: "My darling, you are mine?" It was a moment of delirium that passed two swiftly. He steadied himself, and put her away from him with shaking hands. He felt as if a ghost were pushing them apart. "No, no," he faltered, "it can not be!"

She clung to him with pleading eyes. "I love you she cried. I never loved another. If you cast me aside I will throw myself into the sea. You will have my death on your soul. Do not think of poor Rafe's delirium. He is at peace now. Our happiness will never break in on that eternal bliss. God does not permit such things. Oh, my beloved, why may we not be happy too?"

Would Gaston have been human if he could have resisted those tender arms?

The leaves were turning in the frost and the scattered gold of the ruined woodland drove through the air. In Claire's heart it was spring, and the blossoms bloomed and the birds sang continually. The wedding was to be in Gaston's house, for she was alone in the world. The grand old rooms were bright with flowers. The bridal chamber was fragrant with pure white lilac and snowy roses. Gaston, glancing into it on his wedding day, shuddered as if with a chill. The bed, so heaped with snowy draperies, looked like a grave under snowdrifts. He would not have felt surprised to see starting from it a ghastly specter—to have felt a skeleton hand on his shoulder, and to have heard a voice crying, "Remember thy vow!"

Gaston has changed painfully in the last three months. He looks like a haunted man. He lives in a world of shadows, and hears voices from the spirit land, and sees shadowy, beckoning hands. The sunshine on his wedding day does not warm his heart. "Ah, suns may shine and we be cold." Have we not all learned that lesson?

Somehow in his restless mood the house oppresses him. He is ready for the bride, but the time is not yet. He knows she is in the hands of her maid, and that his mother lingers fondly near her. Somehow he can not face the guests just yet. He steals out a side door, and breathes freer in the crisp air. The woods are gorgeous in their tints, and look like huge bouquets—bridal bouquets offered by nature for his wedding. Poor little Claire! would she mourn for him if chance or fate should take him off? He grows chill at the thought. Has he not seen fate beckoning him day by day? What was the vow he swore? He heard his friend's dying tones forever! They had blended with Claire's sweetest lovewords!

"You must kill the man!"

He had cheated Rafe into happiness in his last moments. His last words to the friend that died for him had been a lie, and now the lie weighed him to the earth. He scarcely knew where his steps led him, but stopping at last he looked about him, and uttered a cry. The face, so divine in suffering, so human in its love, was there—a Christ on the cross!—the same, the very same as that beneath which Rafe had sworn eternal friendship in his boyhood.

"Oh, friend of sinners, forgive!" he cried. "I will keep my vow!"

Claire's merry tones rang out as she gazed at her bridal gown.

"I look like an early frost," she said; for the lace was thickly sown with seed-pearls.

"Call Gaston, and let him see me before I go down. I don't want to dazzle him suddenly."

They sought the bridegroom everywhere, while Claire grew as white and cold as the seed-pearls that gleamed like frost on her gown. The very current of her being seemed to freeze as if she had been indeed struck by an untimely frost. After a while she would wait in silence no longer. She joined the frenzied seekers, who were hurrying over the grounds, and it so happened that she came upon Gaston first of all, lying prone at the foot of the cross, a shot through his temple, and a dye deeper than the crimson stains of autumn pouring out on the leaves and grass beneath him. He had kept his vow.

The following is the correct number of officers of the United States army on the active list: One Lieutenant General, three Major Generals, 15 Brigadier Generals, 23 aides-de camp, one Military Secretary, 66 Colonels, 85 Lieutenant Colonels, 241 Majors, 311 Captains (mounted), 301 Captains (not mounted), 34 Chaplains, 14 Storekeepers, 40 Adjutants, 10 Regimental Quartermasters, Adjutant and Quartermasters of engineer battalion, 218 First Lieutenants (mounted), 350 First Lieutenants (not mounted), 145 Second Lieutenants (mounted), 300 Second Lieutenants (not mounted), 180 acting Commissaries of subsistence.

THE REAL CITY OF CHURCHES.

Montreal a City Where Churches are Numerous and Beautiful—Description of the Great Church of Notre Dame.

A Montreal correspondent of the Hartford Times writes that the real City of Churches is Montreal. Here the Mother Church rules and reigns. Not in Rome itself would one find a much greater preponderance of the Roman Catholic religion and its temples, its symbols, and its constant observances. Montreal is largely built of gray granite, and the great cathedral-like churches, to say nothing of the convents and other religious establishments, are of the same impressive and fitting material. How many there are I know not; but those we have visited greatly impressed our party by their splendor and size. The Cathedral is that particular church, be it large or small, in which the Bishop has his chair. In Montreal the Cathedral is in process of construction, and the lower part of its vast and strange-looking round tower (of granite) can already be seen from distant parts of the city. But the grandest, most remarkable of all the solid church buildings of Montreal is unquestionably the great church Notre Dame, whose grand front, with its lofty granite portico, and its massive towers, rises from Notre Dame street, one of the city's principal thoroughfares. These noble towers, suggesting the front of Westminster Abbey, can be seen from the south at a distance of thirty miles. They rise to a height of 237 feet above the pavement—finely completing the grand effect of a stately front, in which the portico itself is fully 69 feet high. One of these great towers has an enormous bell—le gros Bourdon—the largest bell, I think, in America; at any rate, it weighs 25,000 pounds, is six feet high, and nearly nine feet in diameter across its mouth. Its tongue is correspondingly ponderous. Its sound is said to be magnificent in its fullness and grandeur; but is rarely rung. When we saw it yesterday, a part of its weight was supported on big beams and jack-screws; but when it is rung these, of course, are removed. When this great bell is rung, it is rung—not pounded with a clapper or hammer. It takes twelve men to ring it. The last time it was rung was at Easter, and curiously enough, it is to be rung again to-day, and once more to-morrow; but, unluckily for us, we shall not be here to hear it. This great bell, as an elaborate Latin inscription on it testifies, was cast in London in 1847, and paid for "by the merchants, the farmers, and the mechanics" of Montreal—or "Ville Marie," as the inscription puts it (City of Mary.)

In the other tower hangs a chime. It is composed of ten bells, beautifully toned, and in such perfect harmony that the most varied musical airs can be executed while they peal. The first bell alone weighs 6,000 pounds, and has a deep and very musical tone. The ten bells make a fine chime, as we can testify, after hearing the chimes rung repeatedly. They are given with all the parts, and it is not always easy, when near by, to catch the air. It sounds something like the joy peal of all the Fourth of July bells at sunrise in Hartford, but it is more rhythmical and far more musical. When on grand festival days the great "Bourdon" joins its solemn tones to the chimes of its ten sisters, the effect is such a concert as never is heard elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. I should like to be here at Christmas or Easter. The Roman Catholic Church deserves honor for for what it does in lifting up the heart and soul of the people by its liberal patronage of all the arts that best appeal to the religious sense—the most impressive parts of the science of a noble Church architecture, of music, of sculpture and of painting. How bare and lifeless seem our Protestant churches in the comparison!

But let us enter this grand church.

Its vast nave, its broad side-aisles, its spacious two-storied galleries, its charming stained glass skylights, its lofty and beautiful mazes of groined arches its blue sky studded with golden stars, the paintings on the walls, the prevalent gildings that everywhere suggest the religious enthusiast's idea of the golden adornments of the New Jerusalem, the sculptured sacred images, the numerous clustered columns in red, green, blue and gold, and especially the enormous and bewildering blaze of gold throughout the sanctuary, where the throne-like great altar is; and, to complete the effect, the illuminated windows, filling all the galleries and all the church with Milton's "dim religious light"—all this is well fitted to impress even a non-believer. If there is music and service going on the effect is further heightened.

Think of the size of this building. The nave, including the sanctuary, is 220 feet in length. Looking up to the points of the great glittering arches and the star-studded sky of the ceiling, we see it at a height of eighty feet above the floor. In width, the nave and side-aisles measure, as I make it, 120 feet. The galleries, two stories of them, and the grand aisle, are softly and beautifully lighted up by fourteen side windows, each forty feet high.

The pulpit is in the midst of the nave and the acoustic properties of the church are said to be very good. To this end the architect made his study—and for once at least, such a study has proved successful.

A lofty organ and a large choir of male voices complete the grand effect of a service in this church.

A series of beautiful chapels erected along the outer line of each side aisle may be the votive tributes of as many wealthy and devout Catholics. They have their own tombs—one of which holds the ashes of St. Felix, taken from the catacombs of Rome. There are the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph's chapel, the chapel of the Sacred Heart, St. Anne's chapel, chapel of the Souls of Purgatory, and others. The first one we met on the right on entering the church was the Baptismal chapel, its costly and beautiful marble font rested on supports of the figures of four angels, and had a high ornamental cover of burnished copper. Over the altar was a large and fine painting of the baptism of Jesus by St. John the Baptist—a copy of the original in the baptismal chapel of St. Peter's at Rome. Another large painting was a copy of a noted original at Rome that was brought from the east many centuries ago, and represents "Notre Dame de Perpetual Secours"—Our Lady of Constant Succor. We saw here the baptismal rite administered to a newly-born infant.

Along the side aisles, also, are many confessionals. Some bore the name of the priest there officiating, with the further announcement, in a few instances, that the confessions there could be made in English.

At the entry of the sanctuary, resting on one of the right hand columns, is a sculptured figure, in pure white marble, of the Blessed Virgin, on a marble pedestal. From its neck hangs a small gold cross. In 1872 the cure of this church, while in Rome, asked the Pope (it was Pius IX.) for some momento to put in this church in Montreal. The Pope gave him this marble figure, and with it the small gold cross that hung around its neck; a cross that was often worn by Pius IX. himself. Here it now hangs to-day in this great church in the western world.

Nobody can adequately imagine or realize, without seeing it, the ornate lofty, and grand effect of all this beautiful interior architecture, with its wealth of bright colors shown in clustered column, resplendent sanctuary, and towering alter, and in the lofty groined arches, making a maze of ornamental lines, far up above the people in the pews. One feels, before analyzing the effect of the great altar, its gleaming towers reaching to the very ceiling, and splendid in their blazonry of gold, and their scriptural figures and groups, the gilded galleries for the priests and alter boys, the special galleries for the nuns, and the alter lamps, swung from the far ceiling, and their lights (kept ever burning, year after year) seem to be gently and slowly moving, with an almost imperceptible motion and pendulum effect. It is all one great blaze of rich but harmonious colors, gold predominating. The oriel sky windows, illuminated in beautiful designs and colors, are very rich and effective; while the mazes of pointed and gilded arches, springing far above nave and galleries, take the eye captive and involuntarily.

Here people are coming and going from dawn to night—some kneeling at particular shrines in various parts of the great interior, others silently saying their prayers in the pews. The noise of the carpenters at work, with hammer and saw, among some of the central pews makes no interruption of the devotions. Men and women silently come in, kneel an instant on one knee, toward the great altar with its figures and groups of the crucifixion and the crowning of the virgin, enter a pew, remain some time in silent devotion, go out of the pew, again bend the knee afterward and silently depart. Recently a funeral mass and two other masses were going on at different parts of this great interior at the same time in the early morning hour. At one time there were a wedding, a funeral, and the regular morning service, all going on simultaneously, and so far as any confusion was concerned, they were as free from it as they would have been performed in three widely separated part of the city. The church was built to seat ten thousand people and half as many more could be got in by using the aisles. The act of worship is performed almost publicly as the work in the streets, and seemingly with as little regard to the lookers on. Such is the case in all the great Catholic churches of Europe, but Montreal seems to illustrate the custom more conspicuously than any other city of the new world.

It Was No Place For Him.

At one of our theaters the other evening, a pair evidently from the country, created much amusement. The young woman apparently enjoyed herself very much until the ballet began, when she became very uneasy, and looked everywhere but on the stage, upon which her companion's eye was riveted. Presently she nudged him with her elbow and said in a tone half pleading, half indignant: "John, how can you look at such things?" John grew confused at the reproach and immediately began to read his play bill, not however, without casting a furtive glance at the stage now and then. The composure of the twain was not restored until the act drop fell upon the scene. Then, the young woman said fervently, "I hope there is no more of that shamelessness." By and by came another ballet when the fair one, unable to stand it longer, rose, and said firmly to her companion, "Come John, we'll go at once. This is no place for you!" with which she marched resolutely up the aisle, followed by her escort, who sheepishly followed her, evidently impressed by the truth of her decision.—Boston Gazette.

Some High-Toned Babies

A Parisian paper gives an account of a high-class baby farm known as Les Oubliettes, near Charenton. The writer says: "The good woman who takes care of them said. "That is the son of a great lady. When she pays a visit here her carriage stops at the Jardin des Plantes; thence she takes a cab here. I have three children belonging to wives separated from their husbands, another is the son of the Marquis de ——— by a friend of his wife's. That little fellow who seems so sad, and is now engrossed in making a sand pie by the steps, has never received a visit. His name is Ivan and his mother is Russian. He looks wistfully at the others when their friends come, and seems, as it were, to gather up the caresses lavished on them. One day a lady embraced him and brought tears of joy to his eyes. When she went away Ivan said to his companion, 'Won't you give me a little bit of your mamma?'"

Personal Matters.

"The only misgiving I had when I left the cutter," says Lieutenant Rhodes, the Gay Head hero, "was about my baby. You didn't know that I had one, did you? He is a bright little boy about two years old. His mother died some time ago, and as I left in the boat I called out to the captain to look out for him if anything happened to me."

Mr. Bradlaugh's brother is as pious a Christian as he is the reverse. He began a mission at Exeter the other day, and in the course of his opening address said he had complete faith in the ultimate conversion of his brother, and would not be surprised to receive at any moment intelligence that the great infidel had come over to the Lord.

Queen Victoria, it is said by German papers, will leave England in the beginning of March in her yacht Osborn, for Flushing. After remaining in her villa near Baden-Baden until April, she will go to Darmstadt to be present at the marriage of her granddaughter, Princess Victoria, to Prince Louis von Battenbert. The Queen will return to England at the end of April, after a visit to the Riviera.

Sir Stafford Northcote has been amusing a literary society by lecturing upon the subject of "Nothing" though he reminded them that he was not the first person who had attempted to discuss that theme. Lord Rochester, the friend of Charles II, addressed a very clever poem to "Nothing;" a French writer, quoted by Dr. Johnson, wrote a Latin poem to show that Nothing is purer than water, Nothing is richer than gold, Nothing is higher than the heavens, and so on. The speaker defined masterly inactivity as the art of sitting still and not committing yourself in any action at a time when it is not convenient you should do so.

A few months since the wife of Rev. "Adirondack" W. H. H. Murray, formerly of Boston, received the degree of M. D. from the University of Vienna after passing a very creditable examination. Mrs. Murray has taken a house in New Haven and intends to practice her profession.

Musto Hitoi, Emperor of Japan, who is now 32 years old, is the 123d sovereign of that country. He has reigned since the death of his father, in 1867. His is the only dynasty that has ruled in Japan, and began 660 B. C. There is no other monarch in the world who can boast so unbroken a descent from so ancient a stock.

The most exciting leap-year incident so far reported is that which comes from St. Elmo, Ill. It appears that while the Rev. Mr. Pierce, a young divine, was occupying his pulpit in St. Elmo, Mrs. Mary Smith, a dashing young widow, left her seat in the body of church and went up and stood beside him. To the astonishment of the congregation she announced that she was about to become Mrs. Pierce. She had, it is rumored, become infatuated with the young divine, and to this and the excitement of a religious revival, at which she was converted, her temporary insanity is attributed.

Mr. A. M. Broadley, the legal defender of Arabi Pasha, has rooms in the Temple, London, furnished in strange contrast to the remainder of that sombre, dingy, and prosaic precinct. Their entrance is a Saracenic archway, hung with a Tunisian portiere, and within are Shiraz carpets, divans, colored lamps, velvet wall-hangings, blazoned with Koran texts—once palls covering the catafalque over the grave of the Sidi Ben Arub, who was buried in Kairwan nearly 1,200 years ago—and a host of brilliant, quaint, and curious tokens of North Africa and the Orient.

Earl Grosvenor, the eldest son of the Duke of Westminster, who has just died, was chiefly remarkable for his greatness, for his age, immense size; his habit, which probably occasioned this size, of staying in bed until three in the afternoon, and his passion for engine driving. He had been subject from one-and-twenty years and upward to epileptic attacks, but when on the engine "Wild Irishman" was always accompanied by the usual driver and stoker, so that the public suffered no risk. His young widow is one of the beautiful daughters of Lord Scarborough, and their little boy, Lord Belgrave, who is destined to inherit the vast estates, is a fine little fellow, called in the family "Ben d'Or," after his grandfather's Derby winner.

Things in General.

The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815 (which fell on a Sunday), between the French troops, under Napoleon Bonaparte, and the combined forces of England, Germany and the Netherlands, commanded by the Duke of Wellington. It resulted in the absolute overthrow of Napoleon, and the Bourbon kings were restored to the French throne. The battle-field is situated in Belgium, about two miles from the village of Waterloo, and twelve miles south of Brussels.

An American woman said that her husband would sit on a barbed-wire fence all the afternoon and never flinch or move a muscle to see a base ball match or an agricultural "hoss trot," but that when he went with her to church he couldn't sit still in a soft-cushioned pew fifteen minutes without wriggling and squirming all over the seat.

An Atlanta Constitution correspondent says: "The other night while talking to United States Senator Brown I noticed a piece of rabbit fur protruding above his collar. I asked him if he wore a rabbit's foot about his neck. 'No,' he replied, 'but I do wear a rabbit skin on my chest. A lady recommended it as the best possible protection against cold. I got a fine rabbit skin, cut off the feet, and, tying the two legs together with a ribbon, I tied the skin about my neck. It has worked like a charm.'"

A New Hampshire correspondent writes: In Warner there is a school district in which fifty years ago there were some forty scholars, and now there is but one. For a distance of 2½ miles on a traveled road in the south part of the town, where sixty years ago there were thirty homesteads, cultivated by their owners, with families in the district. In those days large herds were seen on every hand, now there are none.

The people of Boston have organized and opened what they term "The people's Church" in that city. It is much after the form of the Moody church in Chicago. It accommodates 2,500 people, with accommodations for 750 more in adjoining chapel, which can be united with the main audience-room by the throwing open of doors. The seats are arranged in semi-circular form on a gradually sloping floor, like those in a theater, and folding chairs are substituted for pews. Attached to the church is a parsonage. All the seats are free, and membership in the church "rests on a broad and catholic basis."

The old house in which General Grant was born, at Point Pleasant, O., came very near being carried away by the floods during the recent overflow. Clermont County, in which Point Pleasant is situated, is almost surrounded by the Ohio and the Little Miami Rivers, and when the overflow occurred acres of land were submerged. The waters rose to within a short distance of General Grant's old home, and for a time threatened to carry it away, but, fortunately subsided before any damage was done.

Some idea of the magnitude of the business of raising sweet-scented flowers for their perfume alone may be gathered from the fact that Europe and British India consume about 150,000 gallons of handkerchief perfumes yearly; that the English revenue from eau de cologne is $40,000 annually, and that the total revenue of other perfumes is estimated at $200,000 annually. There is one great perfume distillery at Cannes in France which uses yearly 100,000 pounds of rare flower leaves, 32,000 pounds of jasmine blossoms, 20,000 of tuberose blossoms, and an immense quantity of other material.

Miss Anthony says: "I have been roundly abused and ridiculed for allowing a female clerk of mine to send a letter in which woman suffrage was spelt 'sufferage,' and was not corrected. There is a little secret history about that letter that will be amusing to those who cannot spell suffrage. The fact is that my clerk made a correct copy of the letter, which I approved, and which was then sent to a male clerk, a college graduate, to make a large number of copies. Every copy which this gentleman prepared read 'sufferage,' and what is still more startling, a number of members of congress in replying to the letter, adopted the same unique orthography."

THE GIRL OF THE TIME.

The Things She is Taught—Her Enslavement for Fashion's Foibles.

Nancy Willard Covell, before Massachusetts Suffrage Association.

All that girls are taught is to be pretty, and hide their faults, and read love stories, and crochet, and make sponge cake, until some one asks them to marry. So the poor creatures, through fear that they will miss their chances and fail to marry, begin very early to pinch themselves in some places and pad themselves in others. Sometimes they wear clothing enough to founder a ship, and again it is pronounced "lovely" to appear without any to speak of. With the injunction ringing in their ears, "Whatever you do be pretty," girls paint their lips and crook their eyebrows, and take opium to make their eyes soft, and arsenic to make their complexions clear. It was an unfortunate day when Paul or somebody else said the joy of woman was her hair. What nameless and untold tortures has this appendage to the human body not been subjected to? It has been filled with "rats" and "mice," heroically pulled out by the roots to make the forehead high, glued to the forehead with extract of quince seed, and again brought over the eyes in tangled snares. It has been curled with over-hot irons, and then allowed to float free far down the back; it has been puffed, and frizzled, and powdered, and curled, and greased, and banged—done up high or low, made longer or shorter, or died black or blonde—in strict accordance with the caprice of the fickle goddess of fashion. Does the Grecian bend require them to look like a dejected monkey, straightway they become limp in body, and chatter that they do not do it because it is fashion—it is perfectly natural to them. To-day they drag innumerable yards of dry goods through the streets, and to-morrow they appear in tie-backs so close that it is at the risk of their lives that they attempt to board a railroad train. Now the head is surmounted by a bonnet the size of a postage stamp, and then one larger than an umbrella. Sometimes women are supposed to have hips, and then everybody, no matter how slender, grows broader than a donkey with panniers. The hips are abolished and no trace of them can be discovered. If snakes and bugs become fashionable as ornaments, the snakes and bugs become "perfectly lovely," and the very girl who shrieked at the sight of a spider, simpers, "they are just too lovely for anything." When iridescent beads become fashionable one has only to wait a little and every woman becomes a walking rainbow. Now cardinal is the rage, and then gold now mits, and then twelve-button gloves, now pleatings, and then ruffles; now hems, and then facing; now waists are long and the ribs are laced down until they adhere to the liver, and the waist gets shorter, and an opportunity is given to breathe. In short, woman's enslavement by fashion has resolved life for her into an eternal game of 'wig-wag," and until she escapes this bondage there is no mental life for her. All this, the speaker contended, is the outgrowth of the oppression of man in not giving womanum opportunity to develop herself mentally, and in not giving her a social position equal with his own.

The Queen's speech at the opening of parliament to-morrow will consist of only eight paragraphs. It begins by regretting the necessity for convoking parliament, discusses the franchise bill, and expresses a hope that the measure will shortly be passed. No mention is made of redistribution. References are made to affairs at the Cape and Egypt. Gen. Gordon is eulogized for his gallant defense of Khartoum.

Storm Signals.

As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease Consumption of the lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred outward manifestations, of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

At the sale of government property at Harper's Ferry, the Potomac water power sold for $25,100 and the Shenandoah water power for $810.

For diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery and bloody-flux, colic or cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart Weed. Specific, also, for breaking up colds.

Thomas Maguire, for many years an attache of the Boston Herald, died in that city of Bright's disease.

Young or middle aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with three letter stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

At a meeting of the French cabinet it was decided to send Gen. DeLisle reinforcements of 12,000 men, the first contingent of which shall be drawn from Algiers.

Maid of Athens.

What is the difference between this noted Lady and Carboline the great Hair Renewer? Ans.—One is Maid of Athens and the other is Made of Petroleum and both come from Greece.

At a meeting of the grand lodge of Masons at Louisville Grand High Priest Farleigh replied to Pope Leo's attack on the order.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

Near Knoxville, Ill., an attempt was made to wreck Gen. Logan's train.

He Must Confess.

Dear Sir:—I used the White Wine of Tar Syrup you sent me, and must confess I derived more benefit to my lungs from it than from any remedy I have ever tried, and cheerfully recommend it to every one having any kind of lung trouble.

Truly yours,
Rev. A. M. Humphrey,
Minister of Baptist Church.
Trilla, Coles Co., Ills.

The Canadians are sending food to the starving Labrador fishermen.

"Rough on Coughs," Troches, 15c; Liquid, 25c; for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness.

The office of the Adams Express company at Woonsocket, R. I., was robbed of $16,000.

As a cure for sore throat and coughs, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have been thoroughly tested, and maintain their good reputation.

Gerritt Vander Velde, an old resident of Anoka, died in that city aged seventy years.

For Impurities of the blood take Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.

Thomaston, Ga., has raised the liquor license to $5,000.

Fruit and Garden Lands in Colorado.

In 5 and 10 acre tracts. Low Price. Long Terms to settlers or non-residents. Address for particulars, W. E. PABOR, Fruita, Colo.

Hutchinson & Co.'s cooper shops at Peoria, Ill., were destroyed by fire. Loss, $25,000. Cause, incendiary.

'Rough on pain.'-Quick cure, Cramps, Neuralgia Rheumatism, Aches, Pains, Sprains, Headache.

At Augusta, Ga., Justice Bauldford decided that speculation in "futures" was fatal to the validity of a promissory note.

An Invaluable Remedy.—None except those who have suffered all the horrors of Dyspepsia can fully appreciate the value and efficacy of Perry Davis' Pain Killer, a sovereign remedy for this distressing disease in all its forms is used internally and externally, test its virtues.

The Union League club of Chicago is going to build a $150,000 club house.

Stinging Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney & Urinary Compl'nts, cured by "Buchu-Paiba." $1.

The New Jersey forest fires, which were extinguished by rain, did $250,000 damage.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, one dose of Piso's Cure will give you a night's rest.

Mr. S. Bell has thus far cleared $2,800 by selling his autographs.

The Best is the Cheapest.—Therefore use Frazer Axle Grease.

Among 600 representatives in the Masonic grand lodge of Ohio is Nathaniel Benjamin, who has attended every session since 1859.

Pure Cod Liver Oil made from selected livers, on the sea shore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market.

Chapped Hands, Face Pimples, and rough Skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Carbolisalve cures Itchings and Irritations of the Skin & Scalp, Poisons, Bites of Insects, Piles, Ulcers, &c. Cures Burns and Scalds without a scar. Small boxes 25c, large 75c. Get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. J. W. COLE & CO., Black River Falls, Wis.

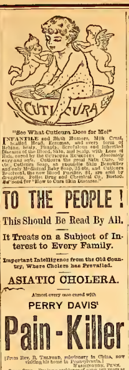


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CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

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"See What Cuticura Does for Me!"

INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalled Head, Eczemas, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Absolutely pure and safe. Cuticura the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1, are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TO THE PEOPLE!

This Should Be Read By All.

It Treats on a Subject of Interest to Every Family.

Important Intelligence from the Old Country, Where Cholera has Prevailed.

ASIATIC CHOLERA.

Almost every case cured with

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

[From Rev. R. Telford, missionary in China, now visiting his home in Pennsylvania.]

Washington, Penn.

Dear Sirs,—During a residence of some ten years as a missionary in Siam and China, I found your Vegetable Pain Killer a most valuable remedy for that fearful scourge, the cholera. In administering the medicine, I found it most effectual to give a teaspoonful of Pain Killer in a gill of hot water sweetened with sugar, then, after about fifteen minutes, begin to give about a teaspoonful of the same mixture every few minutes until relief was obtained. Apply hot applications to the extremities. Bathe the stomach with the Pain Killer clear, and rub the limbs briskly. Of those who had the cholera, and took the medicine faithfully in the way stated above, eight out of ten recovered.

Truly yours, R. TELFORD.

The late Rev. Dr. Granger repeatedly expressed his belief that he owed his life to the timely use of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. During his second visit to the mission in Burmah, he had a severe attack of the cholera, and was immediately relieved by the use of the Pain Killer.

Directions accompany each bottle.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts., and $1 per bottle.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Limited,

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Protection. No such protective against chills and fever and other diseases of a malarial type exists as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It relieves constipation, liver disorders, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments with certainty and promptitude. A change, as gratifying as it is complete, soon takes place in the appearance, as well as the sensation, of the wan and haggard invalid who uses this standard promoter of health and strength. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

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IT IS A SPECIFIC FOR Kidney & Liver Troubles, Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy, Gravel and Diabetes.

IT IS RELIABLE in curing Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins or Sides, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED, It cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

IT WORKS PROMPTLY and cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Excesses and Female Weakness.

USE IT AT ONCE. It restores the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS, to a healthy action and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

Price $1.25. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet to HUNT'S REMEDY CO., Providence, R. I. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A

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Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

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Gray Hair or Whiskers changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this Dye. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

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It Strengthens the Kidneys,
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KIDNEY DISEASES. "I suffered day and night with Kidney troubles, my water was chalky and bloody, I could get no relief from doctors. Kidney-Wort cured me. I am as well as ever." FRANK WILSON, Peabody, Mass.

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Words of Warning and Comfort.

If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer if you are simply ailing, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or a man of business or labor, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will most surely strengthen you.

If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unsteady, faculties waning, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health, and vigor."

If you are costive, or dyspeptic or suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill. If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in Hop Bitters.

—If you are a frequenter, or a resident of,
—a miasmatic district, barricade your sys-
—tem against the scourge of all countries
—Malaria, Epidemic, Bilious and Inter-
—mittent Fevers by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, the sweetest breath and health. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

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"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. How?" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe."

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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Treat all Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Young men who may be suffering with Weakness, Nervous Debility, Despondency, Aversion to Society, Kidney troubles, or any similar diseases, can here find a safe and speedy cure. There are many of the age of thirty to sixty who are often troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder... The doctor will guarantee a cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration. Pamphlet, with full particulars, sent free to any address. Call on or address DR. SPINNEY & CO., 378 Third st., Minneapolis, Minn.

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N. W. N. U. 1884. No. 44.

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PORT EMMA TIMES

WM. H. ELLIS, EDITOR.

EDWIN S. GILBERT, | | PROPRIETOR.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1884.

TICEVILLE ITEMS.

Mrs. Daniel Case is quite ill.

The east side voted for a bridge to a man.

Mr. Josiah Smith has just completed the prize granary.

Messers. John Black and Thos. Hanlen left for Wis., Wednesday.

Mr. J. C. Copley is in Day Co. looking after his large stock farm.

Mr. Edward F. Kay will pass the winter in his old home, Detroit, Mich.

The Misses Reynolds, Collier and Klentgen will spend the winter in Columbia.

Mr. J. C. Moore left last Thursday for LaBelle, Ill. He will spend the winter east.

Mr. John Reynolds leaves for New Orleans, to attend the Exposition, in a short time.

Mr. C. B. Hale received cards from Alpena, Mich., announcing the marriage of J. H. Joslin, well known in this vicinity.

On Thursday last a donation was given the Rev. Dennison, at the residence of D. W. C. Towne; about thirty were present. After a delicious supper remarks were made by several members of the Literary Society; Maj. Copley on Mrs. Abraham Lincoln; Mr. Fred D. Kennedy, a comparison of Poe and Longfellow, very ably made. Miss Towne and Miss Caufield, an original composition on the young men of Dakota. After electing new officers for the month the party broke up well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

D. C. D.

The following is the essay written and read by Maj. J. C. Copley, entitled:

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Many things have been spoken and published in the press, both for and against Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, the wife of our martyred president. Of those against her I will not speak; enough has been said on that side already. I knew Mrs. Lincoln, by attending presidential levees at the White House, in a social way, and we the detail of guards of honor for the protection of the wife of the president, and the preservation of good order about the White House in an official way; and I must say here that my successors in office were not so watchful and zealous to do their whole duty as I was, or the life of our worthy president would not have been destroyed by the bloody hound of traitors; neither would the latter days of his wife, whom we who knew her best had learned to admire for her noble, womanly qualities, and value her friendship next to the esteem we had for Uncle Abe, the nations idol. she sought not the popularity which some women court for themselves but she was happiest in the thought that the public looked upon her as a mere cipher, for she knew full well, as did her husband, that when she stood beside him as his wife, she made him ten times greater than he would have been without her, and that does not adequately express it; she sought to make him popular, and elevate him to the highest pinnacle of fame; make him the glory and pride of not only this country, but of the world, as the God given man to preserve this nation and its heritage of freedom, and to give liberty to more than four million of slaves. Who prompted that God given act of freeing the slaves, by a proclamation that rendered the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln immortal? I will tell you a little incident that occurred at the presidential mansion. The proclamation of emancipation had been drawn up by Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, and was awaiting the signature of the president, a strong pressure was being brought on the president by those favoring it, to sign, and those opposed to it, not to sign it; among the latter many high army officers, saying that many of the regiments of their command would stack their guns and refuse to do duty any longer if it was signed; also saying that they had not enlisted to free the negro but to put down the rebellion. While he was considering the matter and weighing in his mind the probable result of the act, a negro boy about twelve years old came in from the front as a refugee. He went to the White House to see "massa" Lincoln and tell him of his troubles and wants; when Mrs. Lincoln heard of it, knowing the anxiety of the president on the subject of emancipation, she took the boy straight to him. Mr. Lincoln says on seeing the boy, well my little man what can I do for you. The boy replied, want to be free and so do my folks, please don't let them take me back again, and knelt pleadingly at the feet of Mr. Lincoln. Mrs. Lincoln says, Abraham have you the heart to resist the appeal of this people any longer for their freedom, why not sign the proclamation that will make them all free at once; and Abraham signed. From that moment the shackles of the four millions of slaves were broken, and the colored man was free. Free as the sunlight and air of heaven. Free to move themselves, and their kith and kin. Free to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and thank him for a kind deliverance from the galling chains of slavery, no more would the task master crack his whip over their bleeding backs and bid them labor for them, but now they can reap the products of their own labor to make themselves comfortable and to educate their children. It is now no longer a crime to learn to read; the products of their labor no longer goes to enrich their masters and support them in luxury, profligacy and idleness. Thus did Mrs. Lincoln aid in the freedom of the slaves, and as our army was uniformly victorious from that time out, she also aided in no small degree in putting down the most gigantic rebellion on record and preserving our liberties. She was satisfied and happy to be known as the wife, simply, of Abraham Lincoln, and not happy when he should be known as the husband of Mrs. President Lincoln. He goes down through history for many successive ages as the war president, the martyr president, the liberator of the slaves, as the beloved of the american people, and the one most reverenced by all the downtrodden and oppressed of every country and people on earth. She went to her grave weeping and lamenting. She was modeled in beauty, grace and virtue, with the characteristics of a queen. She ascended the ladder of fame from the cabin to the White House, with her husband ahead Robert T. Lincoln, her son, is now a cabinet officer and will, undoubtedly some day be president of the United States. Truly great women make, by contact and association, great men; their influence is refining and elevating. Mr. Lincoln was in his youthful days a pioneer like the rest of us, and when I think of what he was when Mrs. Lincoln married him, a great raw boned, tall, loose-jointed, homely, awkward fellow, and what she made of him, I am amazed and have to exclaim: Great is the power of woman and long live the good name and fame of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln; the true and noble wife, good kind mother, and queen of the White House.

The Lisbon Clipper commenting on the Republican Legislative candidates has this to say of the member from Dickey county:

Dickey county comes to the front with Dr. Samuel M. Wilkins as their choice for assemblyman, and they certainly know what they are about. Dr. Wilkins has served two regular and one special term in the Michigan legislature, and has made there a favorable record as a law maker. He is a broad liberal minded man of experience, and we hope to see him elected. There is no reason why every voter in this county should not vote for him.

TYPE-SETTING MACHINES AT THE EXPOSITION.—A large number of "Burr" type-setting machines are in use in the establishment of Geo. Munroe, New York. Each machine will do the work of ten type compositors. Machines of this kind will be brought to the World's Exposition, and every one here will have an opportunity of seeing what a type-setting machine can accomplish when handled by an expert.—New Orleans Bulletin.

NOTICES OF FINAL PROOF

ABERDEEN LAND DISTRICT.

Land Office at Aberdeen, D. T., Sept. 29, '84. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof, on the 19th day of November, 1884, said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Aberdeen, D. T., viz.:

JOHN REYNOLDS,

D. S. 2048 for the se¼ sec. 13, twp 129, range 59. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, whose testimony will be taken before Wm. H. Ellis, a Notary Public at Port Emma, Dickey Co., D. T., on November 17th, 1884, viz.: Robert Hillock, M. L. French, Thomas Houlan, Albert Flanders, all of Port Emma, Dak.

T. T. McCOY, Register

Baldwin & Hensberger, Att'ys.

Land Office at Aberdeen, Dak., Sept. 29, '84. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Aberdeen, D. T., on November 15th, 1884, viz.:

TIMOTHY T. CRANDALL,

under his D. S. for the sw¼ of section 10, town 129 range 60. He names the following as his witnesses, viz.: Morgan Lynn, William Bateman, Frank F. Randall, Calvin Salomon, all of Emma, D. T. The testimony of witnesses will be taken before Wm. H. Ellis, Notary Public at Emma, Dickey Co., D. T., Nov. 7th, 1884, and the testimony of claimant will be taken before Register or Receiver U. S. Land Office, Aberdeen, D. T. C. T. McCOY, Register.

Land Office at Aberdeen, D. T., Oct. 8, '84. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver of U. S. land office at Aberdeen, D. T., on Nov. 21st 1884, viz.:

SARAH MYERS,

H. E. No. 2873 for the sw qr, sec. 15, twp. 129, range 59. She names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: L. Hanson, Robt. Hillock, Carl Heffner, F. Lockwood, all of Ludden, Dickey county, D. T.

C. T. McCOY, Register.

Douglass & Adams, Atty.

Land Office at Aberdeen, D. T., Oct. 5, '84. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of District Court of Dickey Co. D. T. at Ellendale, D. T. on Nov. 24th, 1884, viz.:

JOSEPH M. HORNING,

H. E. 2701 for the sw qr sec. 9, twp 129, range 60. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz.: John Fletscher, Wm. Booth, Thos. S. Smith, Amos Strnupe all of Emma, Dak.

C. T. McCOY, Register.

Land Office at Aberdeen, Dak., Sept. 22d, '84. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register or Receiver at Aberdeen D. T., on Nov 8th, 1884, viz.:

CHARLES H. CLARK,

D. S. for the se¼ of sec. 17, town 129 range 59. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz.: Joseph Marsh, E. T. Lockwood, Ogden Lovell, Egbert Lovell, all of Ludden, Dickey county, D. T.

C. T. McCOY, Register.

T. T. Crandall, Att'y.

Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Oct. 15, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and secure final entry thereof on the 10th day of December, 1884, viz.:

JENNIE E. WILLIAMS,

under her H. E. No. 14746, for the nw qr sec. 25 town 130 north, range 59 west. She names the following as her witnesses, viz.: Albert Robinson, Melvin Gautil, J. W. Bush and Bernardino Raleigh, all of Port Emma, Dickey county, D. T. The testimony of witnesses will be taken before W. H. Ellis, a Notary Public, at Port Emma, and the testimony of claimant will be taken before T. M. Evans, Clerk of the District Court at Ellendale, D. T. on the tenth day of December, 1884, at his office.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

T. W. Bush, Attorney.

Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Sept. 23, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, on the 11th day of November, 1884, that the testimony of witnesses will be taken before T. T. Crandall, a Notary Public at Emma, Dickey Co. D. T., and that the testimony of claimant will be taken before T. M. Evans, Clerk of the District Court, at Ellendale, Dickey County, D. T., on the 7th day of November, 1884, viz.:

MARY J. McGUINESS,

under her D. S. No. 15929 for the southwest quarter of section 24, town 130 north, range 59. She names the following as her witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said tract, viz.: George L. Forster, Warren JeuDevine, H. C. Lane, Jed B. Butler, all of Emma, Dickey Co., D. T.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

Wm. H. Ellis, Att'y.

Land Office at Watertown, D. T., Sept. 12, '84. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof, on the 3d day of November, 1884, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver of U. S. Land Office at Watertown, D. T., viz.:

EDWIN FLANDERS,

D. S. No. for the se qr. section 12, tp. 129 range 58. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, whose testimony will be taken before C. E. Grimm, a Notary Public at Newark, Dak., viz.: T. C. Wilcox, C. J. Herring, Dennis Hillock, Robert Hillock, all of Ludden, D. T.

C. H. WILLIAMS, Register.

Douglas & Adams, Att'ys.

Land Office at Aberdeen, Dak., Sept. 25th, '84. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, on the 14th day of Nov., 1884, that the testimony of witnesses will be taken before T. T. Crandall a Notary Public at Emma, Dickey county, D. T., the testimony of claimant will be taken before T. M. Evans, Clerk of the District Court at Ellendale, Dickey county, Dak., on the 15th day of Nov. 1884, viz.:

CALEB B. HALE,

under his D. S. No. 3584, for the northwest qr. of Section 30, town 130 north, range 58 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said tract, viz.: Ogden Lovell, Egbert Lovell, John C. Moore, Alva A. Dickerson, all of Ludden, Dickey county, D. T.

C. T. McCOY, Register.

W. H. Ellis, Att'y.

Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Sept. 23, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, on the 11 day of November, 1884: that the testimony of witnesses will be taken before T. T. Crandall, a Notary Public at Emma, Dickey Co., D. T., and that the testimony of claimant will be taken before T. M. Evans, Clerk of the District Court, at Ellendale, Dickey Co., D. T., on the 7th day of November 1884 viz.:

KATIE J. McGUINESS

under her D. S. No. 15928 for the northeast qr of section 23, town 130, north, range 59 west. She names the following as her witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz.: George L. Forster, Warren JeuDevine, H. C. Lane, Jed B. Butler, all of Emma, Dickey county, D. T.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

Wm. H. Ellis, Att'y.

Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Sept. 23, 1884. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof, on the 2d day of November, 1884: that the testimony of witnesses will be taken before William H. Bush, a Notary Public at Port Emma, Dickey county, D. T., and that the testimony of claimant will be taken before T. M. Evans, Clerk of the District Court, at Ellendale, Dickey Co., D. T., on the 3d day of November, 1884, viz.:

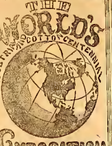
EDWIN S. GILBERT,

under his H. E. for the ne¼ of section 25, town 130 range 61. He names the following witnesses Albert Robinson, George Patchin, Thomas W. Bush and Geo. W. Gardner, all of Port Emma, Dickey county D. T.

HORACE AUSTIN, Register.

Wm. H. Ellis, Atty.

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Two through passenger trains daily morning and evening between Fargo and St. Paul. Leave Fargo for the east and south at 7:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Arrive at Fargo 8 a. m. and 8:40 p. m.

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Settlers' Supply Store!

From Hall & Co's Store, 3d St., to Main St., Opposite Hardware Store

I. E. LAWRENCE (of Hall & Co.) has been engaged as Manager

Mr. Lawrence will keep up his merited reputation for carrying the best assorted stock of

Groceries and Provisions

at fair prices, and confidently expects to soon greet his friends and patrons of Port Emma and vicinity, who have lately been compelled to go elsewhere. Strangers will be heartily received. OLD STOCK AT COST. NEW GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES. Specialties—see locals.

A. ROSSITER & CO.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
HOLLISTER & COLE.

T. M. PUGH,
Ex.-Receiver U. S. Land Office, Fargo, D. T.

JOHN J. SKUSE,
Attorney.

T. M. EVANS,
Cashier

MONEY

TO LOAN ON FINAL PROOF BY

SECURITY BANK

(PUGH, SKUSE & EVANS),

ELLENDALE, D. T.

All Classes of Land Business Attended to. Contests a Speciality.

HAVE A COMPLETE ABSTRACT OF DICKEY CO.

F. L. & C. S. WALKER,

(SUCCESSORS TO J. P. & F. L. WALKER).

—DEALERS IN—

Hardware and stoves!

House furnishing Goods

GROCERIES.

Flour and Provisions.

ALSO, BOOTS, SHOES AND NOTIONS.

WALKER BROS.,

PORT EMMA.